

Florida

WILDLIFE

Fishing • Hunting
• Conservation •

FLORIDA PLUGCASTER
OFF-TRAIL BASS FISHING

AUGUST, 1959

The Florida Magazine for all Sportsmen

25 CENTS

Florida State Board of Conservation
Marine Laboratory
St. Petersburg, Florida



FLORIDA WILDLIFE'S

Fishing Citation

"for that BIG ONE that DIDN'T get away"

ELIGIBILITY REQUIREMENTS

All fish must be taken from the fresh waters of the state of Florida, as defined by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission. Fish must be caught on conventional fly, spinning, or bait-casting tackle, with artificial or live bait, in the presence of at least one witness.

The catch must be weighed and recorded at a fishing camp or tackle store within the state by the owner, manager, or an authorized agent of the respective establishment.

Application for a Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation must be made within 10 days of the date fish was caught. Application must be made on the prescribed form as shown on this page. (Requests for additional forms should be addressed to: Florida Wildlife, Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Florida.)

Citation, showing recorded data of the catch, will be mailed to the applicant upon receipt of application form that has been properly filled out and signed.

Florida Wildlife Fishing Citations are available without charge, to any and all subscribers to Florida Wildlife Magazine, and their immediate families, who catch any of the following fresh-water game fish of the prescribed size requirements:

SPECIES	
LARGEMOUTH BASS	SHELLCRACKER
----- 8 pounds or larger	----- 2 pounds or larger
CHAIN PICKEREL	BLACK CRAPPIE
----- 4 pounds or larger	----- 2 pounds or larger
BLUEGILL (BREAM)	RED BREAST
----- 1½ pounds or larger	----- 1 pound or larger



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APPLICATION FOR FLORIDA WILDLIFE FISHING CITATION

The Editor, FLORIDA WILDLIFE Date _____
Game & Fresh Water Fish Commission, Tallahassee, Fla.

Please send me the Florida Wildlife Fishing Citation with the inscribed data listed below:

Name _____ Address _____

Species of Fish _____ Weight _____ Length _____

Type of Tackle, Bait Used _____

Where Caught _____ Date _____

Catch Witnessed by _____

Registered, Weighed by _____ at _____

(Signature of Applicant)

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Tallahassee, Florida

**Dedicated to the
Conservation, Restoration, Protection of Our Game And Fish**

BILL HANSEN, Editor

WALLACE HUGHES, Art Director

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STRIKES

and Backlashes



BREAM QUESTION

Dear Sir:

I have just finished reading the article 'Little Trio' which appeared in your May issue. I enjoyed the article very much but have become confused about the word BREAM. I have always been under the impression that bream was the word used in the south for bluegills. Would appreciate an explanation.

Ralph Dyerson
St. Louis, Mo.

● *Bream is a word, or term, applied to bluegills, but it is also used for all the panfishes of the Sunfish family. Bream is actually a 'family name', and its use is not confined to the southern states. As one dictionary mentions, the word bream, — "Any of the fresh water sunfishes." Here in Florida, a catch of bream could include bluegills, redbreast, fliers, longear, stumpknocker, warmouth, crappie, shellcracker, etc.*

COLORADO TRIAL

Dear Sir:

My one year trial subscription was more than satisfactory. The enclosed check is for a THREE year renewal, and I think *Florida Wildlife* is still the best outdoor magazine available.

John D. Hunter
Denver, Colorado

RECOVERED

Dear Sir:

You might be interested to know that a recent article in *Florida Wildlife* saved a friend of mine from losing about \$40.00 worth of equipment. You may remember the article which suggested that if you lost a rod and reel overboard, you should take a metal fish stringer, unhook the individual sections, heave the thing overboard with a couple of sinkers on the end, and use it for a grapnel.

A friend, his son, and I were fishing recently, trying to dodge water skiers, and fish at the same time. A

rod and reel was dropped overboard in about 15-feet of water and we tried everything we could think of to snag it, when we finally remembered the deal mentioned above. We picked up the outfit with the first cast, — all real easy.

E. W. Hard
Dallas, Texas

LIVE BAIT

Gentlemen:

No one can say that *Florida Wildlife* doesn't present ALL sides of hunting and fishing. In Schilling's Fishing column, June issue, I read about all the evils of fishing with live shiners as bait, and then found an article further back by Charles Waterman telling all about how to fish with shiners.

Bob Quigley
Sarasota, Fla.

Dear Editor:

I just finished reading my June issue of *Florida Wildlife*, and would like to suggest that you introduce author Schilling to author Waterman. And I would like to thank you for a fine magazine which is probably the best conservation presentation in this country.

L. M. Hall
New York, N. Y.

Dear Sir:

I read Mr. Schilling's article about using live shiners for bait and decided never to do it again. Then I

read Mr. Waterman's article about shiner fishing, and couldn't wait to get a bucket full and get out on the lake for some of those big ones.

Charles Willoughby
Orlando, Florida

● *Editor's Note: We try to please everyone, — and the authors mentioned are not only good friends and fishing pals, but Mr. & Mrs. Waterman appear in the photos by Schilling on pages 6 and 7, about NOT fishing with live bait.*

HERRING CAUGHT

Gentlemen:

I thought you might be interested in the following which appeared in our local newspaper: "A marriage license was issued to W. F. Gillis, 24, commercial fisherman, and Shirley Ann Herring, 24."

Fred Love
Hollywood, Florida

BOOK REVIEWS

The Editor:

Your magazine gets better with each issue, and I think it is the best buy for sportsmen anywhere. I have only one gripe; whatever happened to that book review department you used to have. That I miss.

D. Charles
Tampa, Florida

● *The 'Sportsman's Bookshelf,' our regular book review department, will soon appear again, probably with the October issue. Only books that can be recommended to the sportsman are presented in this department, and for many months no books at all were submitted by the publishers for review. At the present time, there are about a dozen being checked over including many on camping and hunting, plus a fine 'novel' called *Live From the Devil*, a Florida story by Wyatt Blassingame.*

THE COVER

Florida's fabulous bass fishing remains high on the international attraction list as far as sweet water anglers are concerned. Whether you wet a line in the lakes and streams abundantly convenient across the northern part of the state, or fish the thousands of lakes, and rivers, across the central and southern areas, chances are good that YOU might someday conquer a new world record largemouth. But whether the bass you catch are large or small, the memories of such tackle tussles with old bigmouth will remain forever.

Cover Photo by Phil Francis

OUTDOOR WRITING

It's A Business?

By LOU MUSSLER

SO, H. MEUSE OF Birmingham, Alabama, wants to know how to get into the outdoor writing business. So, H. Meuse of Birmingham, Alabama, wants to send Chuck Schilling, of Jensen Beach, Florida, some of his writing for said Chuck Schilling's editorial comment. (See Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, May, 1959.)

So, in the space available Chuck obliged H. Meuse with the logical answers. However, Chuck's first answer-quip, "It's a business?" snidely infers that outdoor writing as a business is a questionable enterprise.

Now, H. Meuse, (I don't know your first name, nor do I know whether you're a Miss, a Mrs. or a Mr., so just to be on a friendly basis, supposing I call you Meusie; you call me Mussie, eh?) I'm sure Chuck didn't mean to mislead you by asking, "It's a business?" He should have said, "It's a business!" It sure is a business, Meusie, it sure is.

You don't suppose for one minute that Chuck writes his stuff for FLORIDA WILDLIFE, the STUART NEWS, and many other publications for free, do you? 'Course not, Meusie. He's like the rest of us. He's mercenary, we're all mercenary, we write for money; M-o-n-e-y; moola, dollars, francs, marks, lira, rubles, makes no difference—so long as we can use the stuff to pay for the groceries. And, since we receive pecuniary remuneration for our efforts, that makes it a business. (Note to Ed: You are gonna pay me for this, yes?)

How do you get into the outdoor writing business? Simple. Start at the bottom, work your way to the top with a ladder built of rejection slips. From then on you got it made, Meusie, got it made.

Let's assume you know that writing is the profession of authorship and art of literary creation. That you have the ability to use language in a clear and effective manner. (Do not use this article as an example.) That you own a typewriter, eraser, pencil, plenty of paper, a side income, or have married a rich widow. These are the basic requirements only. Others are self-discipline, observation, originality, imagination, patience, and a typewriter chair equipped with a foam rubber cushion.

Now, the life of a free-lance outdoor writer is an independent one. It may be settled, or roving. Financial rewards are uncertain and low, unless your relatives own or publish the media in which you hope to apprentice. Of course, as a free-lancer you



are your own boss, office force, and efficiency expert. That's something, anyway. But at least you're independent. Your success depends upon your ambition and your ability to sell what you write. The latter, of course, depends on what degree you starve.

As Chuck said, the best way to get into the outdoor writing business is to write. Write about what? Outdoor subjects, of course; what else? Any outdoor subject which fits the needs of the markets where your own style has the best chance.

Fiction or nonfiction? You has your pick and you takes your choice. Should it be fiction, then the story that will sell is a story most people like to read. Like it or not, you're gonna kowtow to the daydreams and hidden ambitions of the readers. Offbeat stuff ain't for the outdoor writers, and the story that sells is one that people can believe—at least while they're reading it.

Nonfiction, Meusie, has certain definite advantages over fiction. Today's market for nonfiction is much larger, and interesting subject matter can offset to some degree for defects in style. Since nonfiction work is based on fact, be derned sure your technical research is correct. Readers of outdoor subjects are pretty finiky, so any attempt to bluff them with inaccurate statements will result in a deluge of mail upbraiding you as a Grade "D" moron. (This goes for fiction, too.)

Ideas for stories? Ha! A good question. Most of the ideas and plots an outdoor writer gets have been stolen, restolen; copied, recopied; slanted, reslanted; hashed, rehashed; worked and reworked. Read the outdoor publications for this market. Study the writers' style. Familiarize yourself with the editors' likes and dislikes. Try to keep ahead of reader taste. (Yah, just try!)

I'm not going to be silly enough to advise you how or what to write. But one word along this line, unless you're good, damned good, the "Me and Bill" style will bring you a flock of rejection slips the size and color of which you've never seen the like.

Never but never, send your manuscript to another writer asking editorial comment. Even if he's your bosom buddy. First, if your story is good he'll swipe it, rewrite it and sell it before you can bat an eye. Second, he ain't interested in commenting on your work unless he gets paid for it. Third, as Chuck said, most writers couldn't edit another's work. We're such a bunch of opinionated creeps we'd only pass on what

(Continued on page 40)



WILDLIFE BALANCE WHEEL

By DENVER STE. CLAIRE

I AM WRITING THIS IN Stuart, Florida, where I have just attended two very important meetings. One was the 8th annual conference of the Youth Conservation Club League of Florida, and the other was the second meeting of the newly appointed State Adult Advisory Council for the Youth Conservation Education Program and the League.

First things first. So let's talk about our League with its conference of delegates from the clubs. Several important issues were brought up in the business meeting.

The delegates, after their two day session, passed an amendment to the constitution which required a club to send one delegate for each 50 members, plus the president. Any fraction of 50 would also allow another delegate. The amendment reads that any club recognized by the executive board as a full member may send one delegate for each 20 members or fraction thereof, in addition of course to the president. For example, if a club had 27 members they could send their president and two elected delegates (one for the 20 and the other for the fraction or seven). The delegates believe that there will be greater representation and strength. It will allow the smaller clubs too to have an equal voice, especially in matters of voting.

For the first time in the history of this program during its eight years, a president was unanimously voted to serve a second term. The young man is Tommy Christopher who has grown up with the program since 1954. It was a tribute well paid to our young officer who presides also as chairman of the Board of Directors.

And leadership was noticed again in the balloting when the delegates re-elected their vice president, Ron-

nie Stokes from the Allapattah Optimist Junior Conservation Club.

Tom Ward, from Ocala Deane Mather Junior Wildlife Club, was elected secretary. There were two others running for this office, Bob Routa of Stuart and Sandra Hubbard of the St. Johns Junior Conservation Club. Glen Eckley of Stuart defeated Ed Cuccio for the office of treasurer. Two representatives for the Board were elected. Frank Mustin of the 5th District and Donald Ferry for the 4th District are the new representatives. Frank is from Ocala and Donald is from Alapattah.

Editor for the Conservation Wheel, which has been a rather trying effort to get into orbit, has been placed in the hands of Bob Routa. All of us are again hopeful that this mimeographed paper, which was designed to tell all of the clubs the news from



Walter Young III, of Explorers Post 228, Anthony, Fla., is the first Boy Scout to be awarded Florida's 'Chief Ranger' award under the new Scouting For Conservation Program. The award, from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, is presented by Denver Ste. Claire, Chief, Youth Section.



all sources, will serve its purpose. We wish Bob all the luck and hope that his fellow members take their pencils and typewriters and send along the news. I have been told that various sections of the state have been designated and the clubs within those areas will send along the news to Stuart for editing.

Schedule for the two day meeting was created by Mr. Bob Gottron of the Stuart JayCees. It read as follows:

Friday, June 12, 1959

9:00 a.m.-5:30 p.m.—Registration, Pelican Hotel.

5:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m.—Pool Splash Party and Bar-B-Que.

Saturday, June 13, 1959

9:00 a.m.-12:00 p.m. — Annual Business Conference.

1:00 p.m. - 4:30 p.m. — Business Conference.

8:00 p.m.—JayCees Beach Party.

Sunday, June 14, 1959

Church—JayCees will be on hand to take you to the church of your faith.

1:00 p.m. - 5:00 p.m. — Business Conference. Annual election of officers.

6:30 p.m.-8:00 p.m.—Annual Banquet at Pace's Restaurant. Presentation of awards and principal speaker, County Judge Evans Perry, Jr.

8:00 p.m.—Installation of officers with the State Ritual at High School Gymnasium.

The agenda for the Business Conference included:

1. Reading of the minutes of the last meeting.
2. Report of the treasurer.
3. Reports of standing committees.
4. Report of the Secretary.
5. Reports of Special Committees.
6. President's Report.
7. Unfinished Business.

8. Executive Secretary's Report.
9. Election of Officers.
10. Election of Board of Directors.
11. New Business.
12. Meeting with Adult Advisory Committee.
13. Junior Conservation Ritual.
14. Adjournment.

* * *

The following awards were given for the year of 1958:

A plaque for the Outstanding Junior Conservation Club in the State was won by the Stuart Club. They were also top club in the state for collecting the most monies for Conservation Tag Day held in the State.

A plaque for outstanding work as a senior advisor and adult leader in the state was presented to Mr. Bob Gottron.

A plaque was accepted by Mr. Herb Mayhew for Paul Carter, who could not be there because of a previous appointment with Uncle Sam. The award was given for his efforts in conservation and leadership and read Outstanding Junior Conservationist of the Year, 1958.

Congratulations are extended from all of us in the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

I want to say here that the initiation installation of the newly elected State Officers was an experience which, throughout the years, will often pass through my mind as one of the most beautiful I have seen. The men who worked hard with their young charges are to be recognized for their interest and ability for beauty and pageantry.

* * *

Now for the second meeting of the Adult Advisory Council. As I ex-
(Continued on page 36)



By CHARLES WATERMAN

BOATING BUSINESS WILL be a prominent part of the program at the annual meeting of the Florida Wildlife Federation Sept. 11-13 at the Daytona Plaza Hotel, Daytona Beach.

Some 140 boating clubs and others interested in a state group will attempt to effect the organization of a statewide association. The entire evening of Friday, July 11 will be spent in setting up the state boating group. A buffet dinner will precede that meeting.

The Florida Conservation Council will meet at 1 p.m. on Friday afternoon as a preliminary to the convention proper.

Dr. H. R. Wilber, president of the federation and chairman of the governor's advisory committee on boating legislation, has suggested that Florida boatmen examine an article in the August issue of Outboard magazine.

The magazine article describes the activities of an Oregon state group who secured the passage of a state boating law closely following the pattern of the one originally proposed by the Florida committee.

"The need for a state organization of boaters has been pointed up by the recent legislative session," Wilber said. "It was made obvious that the pleasure boatmen needed a voice

of their own and the Federation will do everything possible to be of aid to them."

The Saturday morning session at Daytona Beach will be devoted both to conservation and boating. Saturday afternoon will be devoted to conservation studies and education. The annual banquet will be Saturday night with the annual business session and board of directors meeting Sunday morning.

Wilber stated that any person interested in boating can register for the entire convention upon arrival in Daytona Beach, regardless of whether he is associated with a boating or conservation club.

More Boating

With the legislative smoke cleared away and the boating bills finally made law, members of the governor's advisory committee have summarized the measures which have now taken effect.

Three bills were passed covering water access, boat registration and boating safety. Although the measures were considerably altered from the original proposals, committeemen believe they will be of practical aid. Briefly they may be summarized as follows:

Water Access — This bill made it possible for the state road board to spend gasoline tax monies for access roads, ramps and property acquisition.

It stipulated that the costs must come from primary road funds and not from secondary road funds which are administered by the various county commissioners.

One clause lost from the original bill regards "eminent domain." It had been proposed that property

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NORTHWEST FLORIDA MEETING

Conservationists from throughout the Southeast will gather at Milton, Florida, August 28-29, according to C. Baggett, president of the Santa Rosa Sportsmen's Club. In addition to annual convention activities of the Club, there will be featured speakers on Conservation, special displays by the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, the Florida Forest Service, and the State Park Service. There will also be a guided tour through the Blackwater Forest and Game Management Areas. The two-day meeting will be climaxed with a Gala Free Fish Fry.

FISHING



By CHUCK SCHILLING

I AM PROBABLY AS WELL experienced making artificial lures as any non-professional inventor. I started out making my own lures because of necessity. In the 30's, the fish were plentiful and big around South Florida, and the dollars were few and far between. My first serious attempts at lure making were an effort to copy the Huntington Drone Spoon. Actually, I would have much preferred the original but couldn't stand the expense of losing them.

I bought a three-foot square of stainless steel in the heaviest gauge I thought I could work using hand tools. I had a pair of hand shears, a brace and bit, a couple of files, a vise, and soldering iron. In the first month or so, I produced more blisters than spoons. I, also, became convinced stainless steel is the most stubborn, perverse, hard-to-work metal in the world. I'm stubborn, too, so in time the steel and I came to terms, and I began to turn out useable copies of the original Drone.

The very nature of lure making brings out the inventor in most people. I was no exception and was soon experimenting with new ideas, trying to improve on my own designs. I was in a wonderful position to do so. I had plenty of time, a boat, and an abundance of fish. I would make spoons most of the night and fish with them most of the day. After six months, I finally stumbled on an idea that developed into a truly superior lure. I named this first creation the "Goon Spoon."

I made this spoon for years for my own use and still turn out a few occasionally. I have never seen its equal. The Goon Spoon rides hook down to penetrate the fish in his vulnerable lower jaw. All other trolling spoons of my knowledge ride

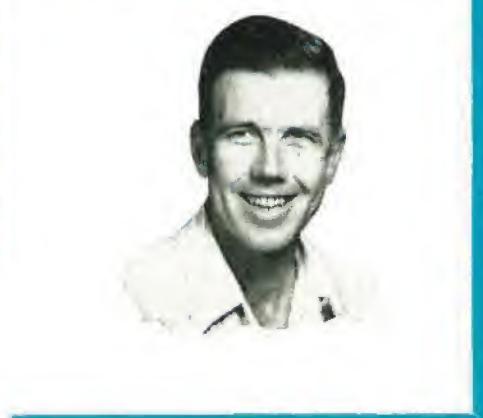
up to hit the fish's bony upper jaw. The Goon Spoon's action is a quick flutter on a narrow path. It's easy for the fish to catch. Most other spoons describe a wide arc and are often difficult for the first to hit.

The Goon Spoon will never spin or revolve regardless of how you troll it. Other spoons need keel sinkers and multiple swivels to prevent them from twisting the line. As you can see, I'm really proud of this lure.

Extra Enjoyment

I cite the Goon Spoon merely to emphasize the extra fun that can be yours from the sport of angling if you will play around with making your own lures and tying your own flies and bugs. I invented the Florida Leggy Bug in much the same manner, and I never see a card of popping bugs in a tackle store, rubber legs dangling, that I don't get a little thrill from remembering I am responsible for the rubber legs being there. I would rather catch a fish on one of my own creations than boat a bushel of them on something else. Same goes for jigs and feathers.

NEWS and dean of Florida's outdoor writers, had such a frustrating ex-



Just after the war, Les Keith and I, in desperation, decided to try to make our own trolling and casting feathers. For molds, we used plaster of Paris blocks and matched pieces of hardwood. We soon had a series of molds we could use to pour heads of our own design. We poured up a storm. We ripped some plumbing from an old wreck out on the reef to melt for heads, and we used soft, brass wire for eyes. We produced jigs and feathers that worked like a charm. We couldn't buy dressing, so we used wool yarn, chicken feathers, shredded rope, oilcloth, and even rubber tubing. It all worked. As I remember it now, we had more fun fooling around with jigs than we had catching the fish.

The Indian River here at Jensen Beach has a homemade trout lure that has been going strong for as long as I can remember. This is the famous clothespin plug, and it has as many variations as there are clothespins. The first of these plugs I saw was made by Charles Alderman of Jensen about 1935. Alderman



Homemade wooden molds that work like a charm on jigs and feather heads. Note the pins in the block faces that keep the two halves in proper alignment. A vise or C-clamp supplies the pressure for a tight fit. Multiple aluminum molds can now be purchased reasonably.

is a famous trout fisherman, and he was making wonderful catches using this clothespin plug exclusively. He still does.

This plug is made by sawing on an angle thru the prongs of a wooden clothespin to produce a slanting head. The length of the prongs determines the weight of the plug, because the space between the prongs is poured full of lead. A long shanked screw eye thru the head of the plug anchors the lead insert and provides an eye for the line. Screw eyes on the belly and tail of the clothespin hold treble hooks. The angle of the plug face, the amount of lead, and placement of the topside screw eye largely decide the action of the lure. Paint combinations run riot.

These plugs were originally made from round clothespins but soon turned to pins with flat sides. Charlie Alderman, who for my money developed this lure locally, has caught thousand of big trout using it, but all he'll talk about are new ideas he gets regularly for improving his favorite lure.

Creative Instinct

The creative instinct lies buried in all of us. Not all can produce beautiful music, wonderful paintings, or great plays and books. Any sports fisherman can, however, indulge his creative drive by designing and using his own lures. The inventing angler even has some advantages over other creators.

In most standard forms of creation, certain formulas must be observed. In all art forms and scientific endeavors, well-defined paths must be followed. This enforced conformity is an irksome restriction so far as psychic release is concerned. In lure making, however, no such restrictions exist. The imagination can be allowed full play. No creation in this field will be considered too wild or bizarre for serious consideration, and no angling effort will pay off so handsomely.

My friend Charley Waterman, and his wife, fished and camped out all last summer in the Yellowstone Park -Livingston, Mont., area. Charley hunted and bagged an elk with a



Goon Spoons can be made in various sizes.—the big one was made especially to catch a huge jewfish at the St. Lucie Inlet. It did, too.

hand gun, packed in to mountain lakes for golden trout, and spent three weeks on Spring Creek (the lucky dog.) The Watermans had three months of the kind of outdoor vacation most anglers dream of.

Recently, my wife and I took a three-day fishing trip with the Watermans. We were anxious to hear all about their last summer's vacation. We were disappointed. All we heard were repeated tales of a new trout fly they had invented and named the "Haystack." To the Watermans, the whole three-month trip was only a background and preparation for the invention of this fly. They simply glowed with the dividends their extra efforts had produced.

Who Knows

It's easy to make a lure, but it's far from easy to make a good one. What's even worse, it's quite possible to make a real killer and never know what made the difference. Ernest Lyons, editor of the STUART perience many years ago.

In those days, we all made out own rods out of Calcutta poles and, of course, made all our own lures. In fact, we made everything we possibly could. Ernie was no exception. He was recognized as a real expert with

Pflueger Pal-O-Mine plugs. Mortality on plugs at the St. Lucie Inlet ran high, and Ernie turned to the amateur production of Pal-O-Mines. Unless you've tried to copy one of these lures, you have no idea the precise engineering this little chore entails. I'm afraid our homemade Pal-O-Mines were copies in spirit only.

One day, Ernie used a newly made plug for the first time and began setting the world on fire with it. He could hardly throw it in the water without some big fish grabbing it. This phenomenal success went on sufficiently long and under enough conditions to rule out luck or chance. This plug really had it. We all sat up nights trying to determine just what made the difference. It looked just like any other homemade Pal-O-Mine—same Dime Store enamel, same crude lip, same hooks, same everything. The only difference that we could see was its performance. This plug was a real killer.

Of course, Ernie couldn't resist using it and finally lost it, so we will never know what secret he had stumbled on. Perhaps it's just as well. That plug was a menace to conservation. Ernie, however, lost

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By EDMUND McLURIN

IF THIS GUN EDITOR correctly remembers his high school literature studies, it was Edward Young who first succinctly stated that "procrastination is the thief of time." Whether or not Young was a hunter, as well as literary sage, is not known, but what he said certainly can be accurately applied to the average hunter.

Chances are good that not one hunter in ten who reads these lines is already making practical preparation for a successful 1959-60 hunting season, now only weeks away. Probably not more than three of every ten will actually be ready as late as night before Opening Day, either! It happens every year. Call it laziness, normal human nature, or what you will — necessary get-ready activity is invariably delayed until the last minute.

However, in some cases unpreparedness is simply due to lack of realization of the true importance of getting self and equipment ready. A typical case in the latter category was a Florida hunter's attempt last hunting season to borrow a scope sight from this Gun Editor.

The hour was around 8:00 P.M., with Opening Day scheduled to begin at dawn next day, when contact was made. The prospective borrower explained that he was planning to hunt the Inverness area and would appreciate the use of a scope sight for his rifle. This Gun Editor said he had an extra scope sight, all right, but did the borrower have proper mount and rings for it? His visitor looked puzzled: What were rings and a mount? Didn't a scope sight come ready to use? . . . Time was taken to explain that each model firearm and scope requires a particular combination of holding base and scope-tube rings, and that combina-

tions are seldom interchangeable. The borrower replied, "Let me have the scope. I know a store that has scope mounts and is open. I'll run by and pick up the necessary mount before I leave."

When polite inquiry was made as to the time of his planned departure, the borrower naively replied, "Oh, we'll be going in about an hour. We've got to be in the woods before daylight."

It took another five minutes to make the eager hunter realize that proper mounting and sighting-in of a scope sight is a time-consuming job and one that must be done with deliberation. When that fact still didn't seem to sink in more than superficially, this Gun Editor had to resort to hunting language characteristic of Havilah Babcock. The Florida hunter was bluntly told that — using a hurriedly-mounted, untried scope sight — his marksmanship would likely be on par with the man with aim so poor he probably couldn't hit a male bovine in the posterior of his anatomy with a horticultural implement!

The moral of the story is that there is still time for you to get ready for the coming hunting season — if you begin now. There are any number of things that could or should be better done before hunting season.

If you think you need an eye examination or changed prescription glasses, take care of that matter first thing. (To better understand the more common defects of vision and how they affect shooters of different ages, look up the August 1958 issue of *FLORIDA WILDLIFE* and read "The Eyes Have It," beginning on Page 16. Possibly your particular vision problem was described and discuss-

ed; anyway review of the article will enable you to approach any needed examination with a better understanding of how reasonably good vision applies to expert field marksmanship.) Should you have to get prescription glasses acquire them early.

Next, know your gun. Take time to learn how to operate its mechanism safely and rapidly. Normally, familiarity and speed come only as a result of several practice sessions.

Install the best obtainable sighting equipment, and sight-in with the same kind of ammunition you will use come hunting season. Most helpful is the Marlin Sighting-in-Guide, available for \$1 from Marlin Firearms Company, New Haven, Connecticut. The pocket-size chart, which lists all popular cartridges from .22 rimfire to .358 Winchester centerfire caliber, tells you ranges at which to sight-in with particular bullet loads and gives practical hunting trajectories.

Perhaps test firing will indicate your rifle's action needs to be removed from its stock and re-bedded so that certain contact points are either additionally supported or relieved. Quite frequently, only minor changes of pressure at important action and stock contact points can make a poor grouping rifle settle down to serious business.

If your rifle action needs to be re-bedded in its stock for improved accuracy, put the job in the hands of a competent gunsmith while there is still time — or get some of the easy-to-use plastic bedding material and tackle the job yourself. (You can do it in expert fashion by following product instructions to the letter.)



Getting ready for the hunting season includes making certain that your gun fits you in all its dimensions. Many shooters find they have to lengthen or shorten stocks or add lower comb height to obtain natural alignment of shooting eye and gun.

Where stock length and sensitivity to recoil are concerned, individually or jointly, installation of soft-rubber butt-plate recoil pad will frequently improve gun-fit and appearance, while softening the gun's jolting recoil. Adding a pad is an easy way to increase the length of a gunstock that is too short for the shooter's length of pull — the distance between the center of the trigger and the center of the butt-plate or pad. Besides the type that is permanently installed with furnished screws, the shotgunner can purchase a recoil pad that slips on a gunstock like a glove and which is attachable or removable in seconds.

When making permanent recoil pad installation on a shotgun, proper pitch or angle of the butt-plate must be maintained when fitting the pad to the stock. Carefully follow the slip of instructions packed with the recoil pad or entrust the job to someone who has made similar satisfactory installations. Before cutting off any of the gunstock, consider the thickness of the pad that will be fitted and the resultant stock length in relation to your correct length of pull. Wrap the gunstock with adhesive tape at the point of sawing, to prevent the edges from being splintered by the teeth of the saw — which should have fine teeth and give a clean, smooth cut.

Single-shot, pump and autoloading shotguns can be made more versatile by installing a selective choke device, like the Weaver, Pachmayr, Poly-Choke, Lyman-Cutts or the Sha-Cul. The fitting will also enable you to alter your present shotgun barrel length to whatever you consider the most beneficial change. The makers of various choke devices are able to give you just what you want in overall barrel length, or make technical

recommendation and installation logical to your field needs.

Where a choke control attachment is fitted to a shotgun by local gunsmith or authorized factory agency, be sure the facility has means of test-firing the finished job, and that the paper-recorded shot patterns are delivered with the gun, as is done when choke control devices are factory-installed by their makers. (Because individual guns vary in performance, even when the same make and model, always submit your entire shotgun when having a choke control attachment installed, so that test-firing can follow the fitting. When you get your gun back, study the paper patterns, then do your own testing of various combinations of choke settings and shot sizes.)

Consider adding a sling to your rifle if it does not presently have one. A sling is a great aid in steady holding and sighting, whether used in approved or hasty-loop manner. Its availability enables one to comfortably carry a heavy rifle slung over a shoulder so that both hands are free for parting brush, carrying other

equipment or climbing. Where quick-detachable style sling swivels are utilized, a sling can even be made to serve a useful purpose on a shotgun, as carrying-strap.

Select a strap of the Whelen-type, about one inch wide, as made by Williams, Red Head, Boyt, Whelen, Hunter, Schoellkopf (Jumbo-brand) and other well-known firms in the firearms accessories field. Generally, war-surplus military rifle slings are unnecessarily heavy for sporting firearms. Be sure to get the proper type of swivels to fit both your gun and particular field needs.

There are only a few of many practical ways to get ready for the coming hunting season. Undoubtedly, you have a few of your own!

Scope Sight Reticule

Some readers want to know why this Gun Editor — with more than 100 different styles of reticles from which to make a selection — repeatedly recommends either a plain post scope sight reticle, or a bold post in combination with single horizontal

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Practical advance preparation helped Ivan Gibson, of Orlando, bag his big Florida buck last hunting season. Note Gibson's completely equipped rifle.—It pays to get ready early.

Florida



Gotcha! Many plugcasters land their fish by hand although a king-size net is a handy item for boat fishing — especially when the quarry's mouth is full of hooks.

I GRUNTED AND CRANKED and put an 11-pound bass in the boat less than two minutes after he struck.

If this sounds like crude tactics I won't deny it but a more aesthetic method just simply wouldn't have worked and I wanted that one because I don't catch an 11-pound bass every day—or every month.

If I'd had my spinning rod the bum's rush would have been next to impossible. If I'd had my flyrod, I'd probably never have learned how big that fish was because he struck over a batch of eel grass that came to within a foot of the surface.

But I had a stiff, 6-foot hollow glass baitcasting rod and a good old level-wind reel and once I had him coming I kept him that way until Jack Gowdy scooped him up in the net. It was one of those spots where a baitcasting rod filled the bill just a little better than anything else. There are a lot of places like that.

When somebody tells you the plug casting rod is dead he simply hasn't toured Florida's big bass lately. Too bad few of the new fishermen are learning to plug cast. They're missing a lot of fun and a lot of fish.

It's getting so you can't brag about baitcasting without a fly fisherman or a spin-fisherman or a spin-caster bristling up and tagging you as a fuddy duddy or an uninformed aborigine, so before going further let's placate those touchy souls by saying that baitcasting is *another* good way to fish and they're missing something if they haven't tried it.

I don't use the plug rod much anymore, but I keep coming back to it. — It's like an old friend, and mellows with age

By CHARLES WATERMAN

Along the bonnets, over the sunken trees and in the grass the good plugcaster comes into his own. He shines when the big ones want big plugs. He is champ when the school bass are up and down so quickly that it takes a hard, flat cast to do business. There's a peculiar joy to the gilt-edged accuracy a well-balanced casting rod will bring and the short stick gives a surface plug all kinds of action from the gentle twitch to real geyser pitching.

Time was when baitcasting rods were really stiff and the casting motion was compared to throwing a mud ball from a broom handle. The reels were slow and heavy and not one fisherman in a hundred got any action out of his rod. He simply swung it at his target.

I remember one period when extra short rods were the rage and I proudly flailed away with a 3-foot gem. Then, there was the time of the ultra-light plugging outfit but spinning tackle has pretty well taken its place.

A modern plug casting rod is five to six feet long, stiff enough that it doesn't bend very much with a $\frac{5}{8}$ ounce plug on its tip and made of hollow glass or split bamboo. We sadly note that the fine bamboo plug rods have almost disappeared from the scene but a few manufacturers still build them.

The baitcasting reels that work best for bass fishing are "fast." This simply means that the spool starts turning quickly and does not have a heavy "flywheel" action that encourages backlashes and requires heavy thumbing. You can test a baitcasting reel for speed by spinning the handle. If it starts easily with a light flick, runs smoothly and then stops quickly, it's fast. If it takes a hard push on the handle to start it spinning and then runs for a long time once it's started—it's a slow reel.

The only way you can really check out this business is by comparison, using two or more reels. One that is light in weight over all is usually fast but not necessarily. A reel that is heavy over all may be fast because its spool and gears are light.

Many baitcasting reels can be adjusted for "anti-

Plugcaster

backlash" operation. This simply means that some sort of device causes the spool to turn hard enough that it won't overrun or backlash. The expert however prefers to use only an educated thumb and wants the spool to run free.

It's unnecessary for bass fishing but slip clutches are available for some makes of reel, giving them a drag so the handle will slip against heavy fish. Usually these slip handles are not as efficient as the drags on spinning reels or spin-cast reels but they can save lines and thumbs.

A properly balanced baitcasting outfit is generally capable of greater distance than a spinning rig. This comes as a shock to most beginners. It's so easy to make a short cast with spinning tackle that it's natural to assume a hard throw would put 'er in orbit. Anyway, this is a small thing and most of us would catch more fish if we didn't even think about distance.

Baitcasters hoard lures by the quart. Plug fishermen usually have from ten to 500 "baits" they seldom or never use but wouldn't part with. A lot of them are tinkerers who make small changes in lures and, strangely enough, they're apt to come up with something that works. A bait manufacturer who caters to plug fishermen does so with malice aforethought and the packaging, advertising and painting of new lures is a science. For some reason plugcasters tend to collect lures as fly fishermen usually collect rods.

Persnickity baitcasters can be childishly choicy about plug color. Often manufacturers are exasperated by letters complaining that the latest purchase of an old favorite doesn't have quite the same sheen as the old model and can't something be done about it? Usually the complaint is pretty stupid in view of the fact that the new plug may be battered beyond recognition within a few days anyway.

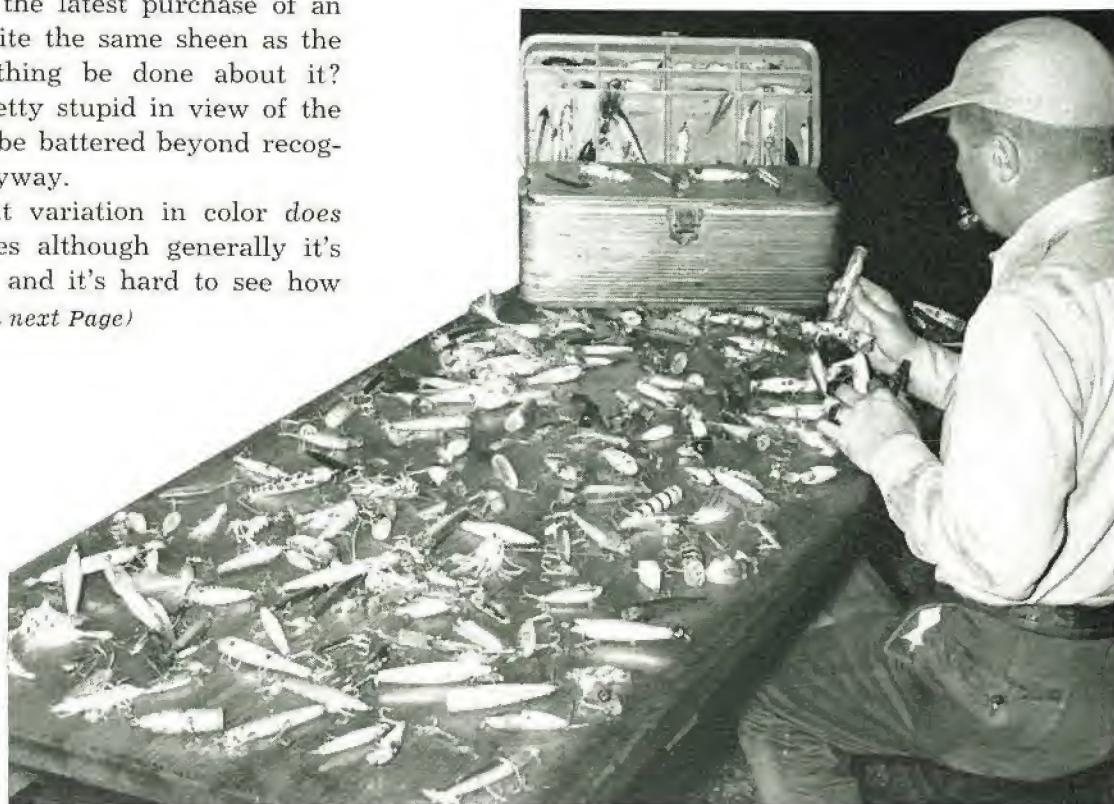
The catch is that a slight variation in color does make a difference sometimes although generally it's the fisherman's imagination and it's hard to see how

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The author straightens out a few odds and ends in the back yard. A baitcaster's tackle box is never big enough.



Big bass that went for a surface plug on a spring evening.



(Continued from preceding Page)

a slight variation in finish can be important on a gadget that looks like a space age dream in the first place.

Most baitcasting lures look like nothing that ever lived anyway, being designed to suggest rather than copy the things that make a bass hungry, mad or curious.

Truth is that addition of more shine, wriggle and dangle often increases the catch. I've seen a fisherman start out with a lure that had a spinner in front for flash and a brightly colored body for additional attraction. He'd add another spinner in front, put on a rubber skirt and then top it off with a carefully split pork rind with a trailer hook on which he hung another tiny spinner.

Such a frightening chain of junk sometimes beats the original carefully designed lure two to one in a real fishing test, sending the basic lure's designer back to his drawing board in a suicidal frame of mind. Usually, it doesn't work out that way.

Plugs come and go in fishing popularity—sometimes as a result of the fisherman's fickle attitude but often because the bass simply quit hitting an old favorite. A whole generation of fish will pass up an old timer

that may come back strong several years hence in the same area—so it's no wonder that no plug caster's box is quite big enough.

One of the first baitcasting plugs ever made was a cigar-shaped job with spinners fore and aft. It didn't wiggle, it made no noise, it sank if you stopped reeling and I figured it was out-of-date 30 years ago but in 1929 a lanky Ozark mountain boy walked out on a gravel bar on the James River in southern Missouri and used one of the darned things to catch four bass to my one while I frantically clawed through what I thought was a collection of really modern killers.

Almost every lure manufacturer builds some variation of that old torpedo lure and it has probably accounted for more big Florida bass than any other type of plug. You just throw it out and crank it in without much imagination involved. It isn't much fun to fish but there are five of them tangled up in my tackle box. It certainly isn't the kind of bait I would have chosen for fishing in eel grass where it's only an inch or two under the surface but a bunch of good Florida baitcasters showed me how to use it there and it works.

They generally reel it fast enough that it makes a very faint ripple on the surface. It catches a lot of grass but it catches a lot of fish too. I'm not sure but it's popularly believed that Heddon first made the torpedo baits. Some versions made in Florida include Orlando Shiner, a Porter model and the Tarpicuda. But then, everybody has his pet.

The strange selectivity of bass shows up every time I decide they'll hit most anything. One lure that gave me a complex is the Arbogast Splutterfuss, a porkrind type bait that works with a rubber skirt. It looks much like Arbogast's Hawaiian Wiggler but it runs on top. Some of the guys told me they were knocking the bass dead at Lake Dexter on the St. Johns using a Hawaiian and reeling it so fast it spluttered on the surface.

Pretty crude, I thought. Why use a makeshift? Stick to the Splutterfuss that's made for that kind of use. So I took my Splutterfuss and it worked a lot better than the other lure—except that it wouldn't catch any fish. I took the Hawaiian and cranked it along the top and sure enough I started hooking bass.

Floridians tend to manipulate their lures more than the Yankees. Plugs with no built-in wiggle are never used in some areas. The "Florida whip," a more or less constant rod motion that gives the lure additional action, is an oddity in some parts of the world.

The Porter Spindle, a highly successful big bass bait in Florida, flopped for a Michigan friend of mine because he just reeled it in with about the results you would expect.

The South Bend Oreno series of lures will do won-

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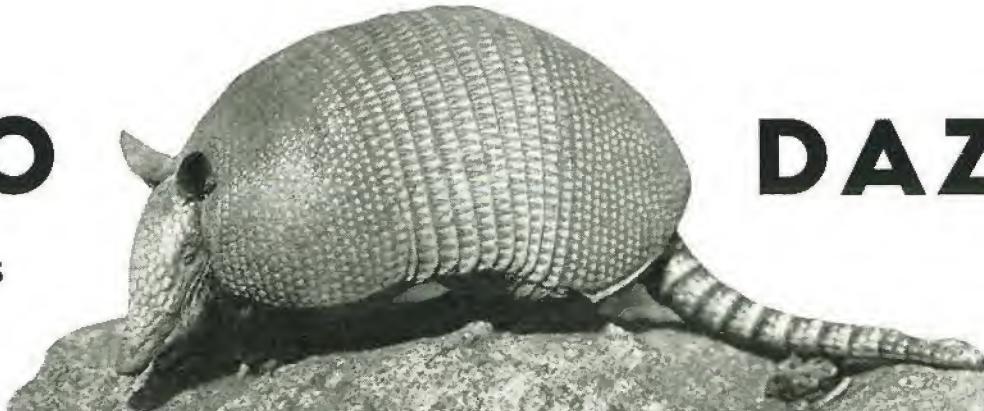


Representative bass plugging outfits. Left, the Pflueger Supreme, a 'medium speed' reel for exceptional durability; center, a South Bend direct drive, a high speed reel the author finds ideal for Florida bass; and a narrow-spool Shakespeare reel for ultra-light fishing. Spinning tackle has largely replaced the very light plug outfit.

DILLO

DAZE

By DON ROBERTS



IF YOU HAD A CUTE little pygmy pig, you could—if you wanted to—sew him up in a piece of tough alligator hide. Then you could nail strips of tin across his back to make an armor-plate.

Then you could take this armored pig, and nail on the funniest looking little knobby head that you could think of. Give him two out-sized leathery ears—cup-shaped and standing up in the air. Then cut the tail off a big 'possum and nail it on the opposite end from the ears, sort of.

Then paint him all over with glue, and sprinkle on little flat chips of white rock.

Now take this thing and cross-breed it with a miniature bucking bronco, and then cross that with an ant-eater. Set his dials to sleep all day and eat bugs all night . . .

What have you? An armadillo, of which we don't need any more of in Florida.

In Florida, the armadillo's family history dates back to 1922-24, when the first pair were reported to have escaped from captivity near Cocoa, Brevard County.

Since that date, this curious pig-like mammal has spread to most counties in Florida, with the center of population being in the central east coast area.

In the 35 years since its introduction from Texas, the 'dillo, if he hasn't done anything else, has scared a lot of Floridians, and enraged still more citizens.

Upon seeing your first armadillo in the wild state, you just can't help being a little dazed by the sight. For the 'dillo appears as out of place in the Florida wilderness as an African zebra in a bunny-rabbit hutch. And the 'dillo is armed with fearsome claws and a most dreadful-looking snout. With beady black eyes, yet!

And the armadillo is, indeed, a most curious creature. The female, when she is in a family mood, always gives birth to four young—either four sons or four daughters. The litter is never of mixed sex, and the sex may change from litter to litter, but the number is always four.

Some farmers and sportsmen blame the armadillo for eating the eggs of domestic chickens and wild turkey and quail. Agriculturists indite the animal for tearing up garden patches, pretty lawns, improved pastures and cultivated fields.

In the October, 1949, issue of FLORIDA WILD-LIFE, Coleman Newman, then a game biologist from the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission, stated:

"The best argument for the armadillo is found right here in Florida. Some of the best quail and turkey hunting areas in the state are found to be heavily populated with them (armadillo). Which proves that he is not the controlling factor on quail and turkey numbers. And they will NOT destroy enough nests in this state to seriously injure either of these game bird species."

Nothing that has developed in the ten years since Newman made the above statement has changed the armadillo's rating for harmlessness to game bird populations.

Actually, over 93 percent of the 'dillo's natural food is composed of insects and other small invertebrates that the animal digs out of the ground. Many of the insects and invertebrates are agricultural pests highly destructive to crops and pastures.

Remainder of the 'dillo's food—some 6.4%—is composed of berries, fruit and vegetable debris.

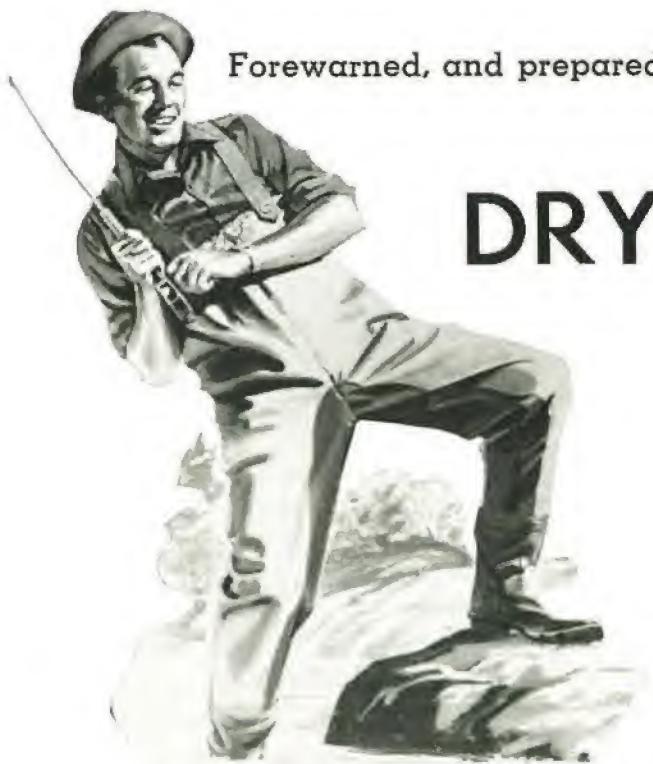
Now of course the armadillo will eat any eggs it finds on or under the ground—if any are to be found. Since the 'dillo is an omnivorous animal, he'd be pretty silly if he didn't eat an occasional delicious egg. In addition to a few loose eggs, the armadillo eats beetles, ants, termites, worms, crawfish, small snakes and frogs, caterpillars, berries, succulent roots, and similar tasty items.

So it's an even bet as to whether the armadillo is beneficial—for eating insects—or harmful—for rooting up lawns and crops.

What it all boils down to is that if you do find an armadillo, there is no reason why you should kill it, and no real reason why you should not kill it. The armadillo's good points are offset by his bad points. The final decision is up to you. If an armadillo has been tearing up your lawn, you're entitled to protect your property from damage. If not, you might wish to make a pet of this interesting animal.

If you are having armadillo trouble, the University of Florida, Agricultural Extension Service recommends that you obtain gas cartridges from your

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Forewarned, and prepared, can mean the difference between being . . .

DRY OR DRENCHED

By EDMUND McLAURIN

Chest-high, footed waders are highly popular among the cold water fishermen. But be sure to purchase them full enough in body dimensions to allow for maximum inside air circulation; otherwise condensation of body-heated air will result.

JUST AS SOON AS RAIN starts to fall, many ordinarily enthusiastic sportsmen give up all idea of hunting, fishing or camping and head for home.

As a result, many trophy bucks and fat mallards have lived out normal life spans. Similarly, record fish remain uncaught because rain-discouraged anglers have not been around to hook them at feeding time.

Enjoying hunting, fishing and camping despite unfavorable weather is largely a matter of personal preparation and ability to cope with the elements.

For wet weather wear, soft, thin, hard-woven wool clothing is good because it is warm in winter, cool in summer and noiseless in both. This last quality is a definite aid to the hunter who slowly walks through brush seeking his game. Wool also dries faster when it does get wet. But always buy top quality, virgin wool in your choice of wool outdoor clothing.

Corduroy is no good for wet weather conditions; it absorbs water rapidly and tends to stay wet a long time.

Cotton fabrics of duck, drill, poplin and denim are all right if you don't mind their noisy, game-warning qualities, and don't object to being a little cold when you get wet. Pass up cotton fabrics altogether and wear wool pants if you expect to wade shallow ponds and streams when hunting and fishing.

Clothing guaranteed to be 100% waterproof will protect you from the rain, but it tends to make you wet anyway, by confining and condensing body heat. If merely labeled water resistant, the fabric will turn a hard, continuous rain just so long.

Spraying outdoor clothing with Gard waterproofing solution will make fabrics repel water while permitting normal body heat evaporation.

For Florida wear, clothing in layers should be the rule. Not only are two light layers of clothing better than a single heavy one, but unneeded warmth can be shed as the sun gets higher in the sky.

Slickers and raincoats are noisy; hence, they have limited value to hunters on the move. However, those designed split in the rear and long-skirted are good for wet weather travel or hunting on horseback. But don't try to do any traveling on foot while wearing them; they will catch on almost every bush and also



With the fish cooperating, this angler doesn't mind a drenching rain squall. He's prepared! Many record fish remain uncaught because rain-discouraged anglers have not stayed around to hook them at feeding time.

In preparation for transportation, pack firearms in polyethylene plastic bags in combination with a rust-inhibiting chemical, such as 'No Wrap' or silica gel, for sure protection against dampness and condensation.

make your progress sound like the escape efforts of a startled bull moose.

Two-piece rainsuits permit more body freedom, but are apt to be very hot when their wearers are physically active.

However, for wet weather duck hunting from a blind, a combination of camouflaged parka top and overall pants is hard to beat.

The useful poncho is also highly popular with rough weather sportsmen. Besides being worn as rain protection, the poncho can be made into a waterproof bed-roll or a lean-to type shelter.

Upland bird hunters can carry a rolled up rubber or plastic jacket if the regular hunting coat is not adequate wet weather protection. Also, for early morning hunting, if they will cut off the leaky feet from an old pair of hip boots and then utilize the salvaged leg portions over hunting pants their pants legs will stay dry in wet brush.

A wide brim, quality grade, fairly stiff felt hat will shed a lot of water. Accumulating raindrops can be drained off the front brim by merely tipping your head forward, and with your head in normal position most of the water will be drained far enough backward to keep it from running down the back of your neck. This is one of the working principles of the cowboy style hat.

Another good rainy weather chapeau is a cap made like an old cod-fisherman's wet weather headpiece—a



waterproof cap with poke all the way around and cut long in the back. For hunting, get one of red or yellow color.

Gloves are primarily cold weather and rough work items. For general use by the hunter and sport fisherman, they should be of tightly woven lightweight wool and close fitting.

Damp clothes and equipment should be dried as soon as possible; otherwise, mildew or other climatic damage may result.

Lacking rope or wire for a clothes-line, you can spread wet clothing over low bushes for drying by sun and wind. In continued wet weather, a simple drying rack or stand can be constructed from three-inch saplings and set up about five feet from a fire that has burned down to first hot embers—but don't use this method on a windy day!

In outdoor activity, dry feet are usually comfortable, happy feet. Rubber-bottomed footgear with leather tops is probably the woodsman's best bet. So equipped, he can tramp around in wet brush all day and still have dry feet.

Vulcanized all-rubber pacs and boots are truly waterproof, but can also be quite hot or cold, depending on the day's thermometer reading. Don't select the all-rubber type of footgear if your feet are inclined to sweat easily; condensation inside your all-rubber pacs or boots will keep your feet continually damp and clammy.

The best of all-leather boots, whether treated or not, are apt to gradually let moisture leak through the stitching holes, but even when wet they are warmer than the all-rubber type in cold weather. Those that are unduly cold usually have been given

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Cold days give deer hunting added zest. For the specialized sport—warm, water-resistant clothing must also have the feature of being easily seen by other hunters.

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a too liberal application of boot-grease.

Wet leather boots and lined rubber boots can be dried in any of several ways . . .

Where the camp has electricity, a small light bulb can be suspended inside each boot. Just make sure that it hangs centerwise and does not touch the interior of the boots. The gentle, uniform heat of the light bulb is a much safer drying agent than campfire or cabin fireplace . . .

In the wilds, heat dry sand, sawdust, oats or oatmeal very hot in a tin can placed in the campfire. Pour into boots and let stand overnight. Next morning, empty out the drying agent and use a small brush to clean the inside surfaces of the dry boots . . .

Leather footgear that has been wet and again dried should be treated with neatsfoot oil or a good grease (such as anhydrous lanolin) to restore suppleness and natural oils. If your footgear is a combination of leather and rubber, keep the rubber sections clean and free of oil and grease . . .

Dry the cloth linings of hip-boots and waders by turning them inside out for about half of their length and then hanging by their feet in a warm dry place. As soon as they are dry, hang them up full length, by the feet.

Light or medium weight wool socks are always a good choice. They keep the feet warm—even when wet. However, carry extra, dry socks and change at first opportunity. Wool socks can be comfortably worn on clear, warm days, too, because they allow perspiration to evaporate and cushion the feet against bruises. Unfortunately, some sportsmen are allergic to wool next to the skin.

Wet boots and wet wool or cotton socks make an abominable combination to get off one's feet. To make boots and shoes easier to take off, wear a thin pair of nylon socks next to the feet and the heavier socks on top. Nylon socks wash easily; dry quickly.

Chest-high, footed style waders are highly popular among fishermen, but many dissatisfied users say they are questionable protection. They claim their waders leak after a few hours' use fishing, even though they cannot find any abrasions, pin holes or snags. These disgruntled wader-users overlook the likelihood that, in most cases, the wetness inside the waders is caused by condensation of heated air and not through any fabric leak. The reason for this condition is that waders are worn in water having a temperature considerably below that of the wearer's normal body heat; condensation inside the waders is the resulting product. The remedy is to purchase waders full enough in body dimensions to allow for maximum inside air circulation.

When their lenses become blotched with raindrops, even the best of prescription glasses can be an annoying handicap to the hunter or fisherman. Pre-treat dry, clean glasses with commercial preparations that leave a waterproof silicone film, or rub hard laundry soap or furniture wax sparingly over both sides of lenses and polish briskly with lens tissue. Such treatment provides polished surfaces on which raindrops and steam will not form and remain to obscure vision. Taking the time necessary to make eyeglasses water and steam resistant is well worth while—and definitely better than trying to hunt or fish without needed optical aid.

Often damaged by being worn while hunting and fishing are valuable wrist and pocket watches. Nine times out of ten, owners will be totally forgetful of possible damage until too late.

Waterproof your watch with a raincoat of clear plastic material. Pocket watches can be sealed in the plastic outer wrapper of a pack of cigarettes. Wrist timepieces can be wrapped in three-inch squares of clear plastic, with all open ends sealed with Scotch tape.

Sleeping bags enable the outdoorsman to make his bed almost anywhere, but for continued open air sleeping they aren't always dry. To be practical, they must permit slow escape of the sleeper's body heat and normal perspiration. This



For wet weather hunting from a duck blind, a combination of drab-color parka top and overall pants is hard to beat.

same desirable quality makes the sleeping bag vulnerable to soaking rains. As added weather protection, a tarpaulin or poncho should be suspended over the bag by use of rope or stakes.

Transport sleeping bags in waterproof covers. When rolling a sleeping bag for tight, waterproof transportation, tuck a complete change of personal clothing inside the bag before you tie it into a waterproof roll. Then you will surely have a dry shirt, a pair of pants, underwear or socks should other clothing inadvertently get wet.

The pasteboard cartons in which shotgun shells are packed generally don't hold together long in field use. Given the least rough handling, they are apt to spill their contents in the bottom of a boat or on wet ground, especially so when the containers also get wet.

Re-pack purchased ammunition in small plastic refrigerator bags and seal tightly. Tear open and discard the bags as you need ammunition; meanwhile, unused shells or cartridges remain dry, fresh and clean.

Similarly, pack other expendable items—like camera film, cigarettes, candy bars and soap—in individual, sealed plastic bags until consumed.

Use inexpensive, moisture-absorbing Silica Gel in combination with plastic bags when packing equipment that might be affected by even minor changes in temperature and created condensation.

If you can find them, military surplus "portable ice packs"—rubber, rectangular bags measuring approximately 9x12x19 inches—make entirely waterproof containers for bulky cameras and equipment.



Sleeping bags enable the outdoorsmen to make his bed almost anywhere, but for continued open air sleeping they aren't always dry.

For sure protection, combine them with a tent or tarpaulin.

A pair of leather, army-style saddle bags also make good carriers, particularly when stored items are individually wrapped in sealed plastic bags. Many army-surplus outlets sell used saddle bags for about \$5.00 a pair.

For wet weather transportation and storage, put binoculars in a plastic bag along with active Silica Gel before placing them in their leather carrying case. Next, put the leather case in a plastic bag and seal folds with a rubber band. Those valuable binoculars will not get wet during rough trail or boat travel to point of use.

Unless placed inside an envelope of waterproof plastic, a sheepskin gun case is practically useless for protecting a firearm in wet weather; the natural material absorbs water like a sponge. Likewise, cases made of heat-absorbing waterproof plastic material tend to cause heavy moisture condensation on their contents. Here again, use Silica Gel or a similar chemical preparation in combination with waterproof packaging.

Rifles and shotguns stored on the floor of a tent are more easily affected by temperature conditions than when hung high on the ridge-pole. During sleeping hours, store guns above ground level; otherwise they may rust despite care. The rear gable-end of a tent is usually the driest spot.

For several persons making permanent camp during a long rainy spell, the wall-style tent is hard to beat, especially if it has plenty of headroom and space for a combination cooking and heating stove. (In cases where a stove is used, every precaution should be taken to prevent both fire and accumulation of carbon monoxide.) Every wall tent should be equipped with a fly—which is an extra canvas stretched over the ridge pole—for added protection and proper hot air.

(Continued on page 38)



Two wet weather outfits popular with the wading fishermen.

Boat and bank-fishing. The depth behind the Spillway's apron drops to 22 feet in spots.

**Fish and
fishermen congregate
at Central Florida's . . .**



Haines Creek Spillway

AN ELDERLY COUPLE, heading north, slowed their car at the Lisbon bridge and peered at the line of anglers along the river's bank. Curiosity compelling, they turned around and drove into the camp. Supplied with a cane pole and a shiner, the lady was soon fighting—and whipping—a 4½-pound bass, the first fish she had ever caught.

Later that month, Howard Brown, a local resident, drove in to catch a shellcracker or two for supper. In a matter of minutes, he left with five fish. Their total weight—just under the 11-pound mark.

And still another day, a Leesburg angler dropped in to stillfish for bass with live shiners. He was barely settled when his line started to move, and he finally wrestled a 9-pound bass to shore. With a nothing-can-top-that feeling, he half-heartedly rebaited with another shiner. Again, there was only a moment's pause until the reel handles revolved. This time, a 11-pound catfish was the payoff.

And, of course, there are stories of empty stringers, too, but all things considered, the state's newly created fishing hole is living up to the prediction by a Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission official of being the "hottest spot in Florida when the fish are running."

Buy why, by whom, and where was this new hot-spot created?

Officially designated as the Eugene J. Burrell Lock, Earthen Dam, and Spillway, this structure is the fourth

By ART HUTT

and the largest in a series of four dams which control Lake County waters flowing northward from Green Swamp and Lake Apopka. This series of dams was constructed and is maintained and managed by the Oklawaha Basin Recreation and Water Conservation and Control Authority of Lake County; the purpose of the dams is to conserve water for the entire lake chain, provide flood control, and recreation.

Burrell's structure, completed in February 1956, has three parts: a lock which permits daylight-to-dark boat passage through a drop (or rise) of four feet; an earthen dike which blocks the flow of water; and most important to the angler, the spillway itself, the section that regulates the amount of water flow.

The spillway consists of a series of Tanner roller gates, strong curved mechanisms which, when completely closed, seal against a shoe at the bottom of the spillway's concrete apron. To allow water to pass, the gates are lifted, and the water surges through beneath them. Some fish, mostly shad and bass, are able to hurdle over or to duck under the gates, but the majority of fish seem to prefer the quieter method of migrating through the locks with the boats.

The Haines Creek Dam stretches across this waterway (flowing from Lake Eustis) just off State Route

Sunshine, serenity, — and spinning on a fishing platform at the Spillway.

44. If you follow this route between Eustis and Leesburg, you can't miss it.

Why do fish congregate here?

A spillway, if not a complete block, at least halts the passage of fish. Soon a good population is built up. The water, squirting through beneath the gates, is now practically supercharged with oxygen and has a champagne-like attraction. Food in the forth of baitfish accumulate and perhaps, as in most larger structures, there is some baitfish injury as the smaller minnows churn through the lock from upstream to be easy pickings for the hungry fish waiting below.

Added to these attractions is the design of the spillway itself. Moving waters have a tremendous eroding force and a structure like a spillway must be protected from above and below. At this spillway, solid concrete aprons extend upstream and downstream. On the downstream side (the fishing side), the apron extends for 30 feet. To prevent undermining, the maintenance crew headed by lockmaster Pete Brown has placed load after load of huge concrete slabs (actually old street curbings from Eustis and Leesburg) on the downstream side of the apron and in the dropoff at the apron's end. The fast-moving water, scouring through the tunnels and nooks of the interlaced slabs, plus the dropoff with depths to 22 feet, create game-fish haunts without compare.

There are several ways to fish the spillway. You can launch your boat at either of the two ramps in the area, or you can kick down from Lake Eustis or up from Lake Griffin. Rental boats are available, too. Signs warn where you cannot fish (no fishing for several hundred yards above the spillway and for fifty feet below the spillway). Anchoring of boats against the spillway wall or on the banks of the water authority grounds is also prohibited. These areas are well-marked, however, and if you want to test the enforcement procedures, just blunder beyond the signs for a moment or two. It will be a race to see who gets you first—the swirling waters or the local officials.

Three fish camps serve the spillway area. Downstream, it's the Haines Creek Cottages. Up towards the spillway where you can bankfish are the Black Bass Cottages and next to the spillway itself is, logically enough, the Spillway Fishing Resort and Picnic Grounds.

The most popular method of fishing at the spillway is from the bank, and it appeals to the sedentary cane-pole as well as to an energetic caster. Both camps offer the best in fishing for the angler who doesn't want to be on the water. Reasons may be varied—age, illness, fear—or just a genuine preference to loll



on a bank in the sunshine. A fee of 25 cents a person is charged at either camp (children free), and the one camp, the Spillway, offers restrooms with a shower, sheltered picnic tables, charcoal grills, landing nets, life preservers, cleaning table, and sturdy docks over some of the better fishing spots.

Refreshments, bait, tackle, and boats are available at both spots—and advice regarding where and how to fish. And, by the way, if you want to rent a boat at any of the three camps, you won't need a motor; the spillway fishing is within easy rowing distance

(Continued on Page 33)



Minnow on a fly-rod accounted for this 'speck' . . .



Mullet are present in great numbers in many Florida springs. This picture, by the author, was made with a Robot camera on Plus-X film rated at 500, f.16 at 1/100 second.

THE CLEAR SPRINGS WHICH honeycomb the limestone foundation of Florida provide ideal conditions for underwater photography. Over a white sand bottom, visibility sometimes exceeds 150 feet. At times, in fact, the water is so transparent that properly exposed pictures are almost "too good." That is, the viewer loses the effect of looking through water. Under such circumstances, realism can be achieved by backlighting (shooting with the sun behind your subject) or shooting upward toward the surface to obtain a silhouette.

Some photographers use flash even in the clearest of springs to eliminate shadows and bring out their subject in crisp detail. I am not in favor of this as a general policy, since a picture made with flash in extremely clear water will lose its impact while gaining sharpness. It appears artificial—unreal.

Consider, for example, a picture of a diver entering an underwater cave some fifty feet below the surface. If a photographer inside the cave uses flash for fill-in, the features of the diver may be so sharp and recognizable that the illusion of depth disappears. People don't look like studio models when they're

UNDERWATER PHOTOGRAPHY

PART TWO

By WILLIAM STEPHENS

Nowhere else in the world can you find crystal clear waters for underwater photography as offered by Florida's many fresh water springs

fifty feet down. Far better, in my opinion, to distinguish none of the diver's facial features in such a circumstance. Let the bubbles from his regulator frame the dark background, while the backighting from the surface lights up the edge of his silhouette.

There are times, of course, when flash is necessary: when detail must be shown or when pictures are made under poor light conditions. Inside a cave, for example; though even here, unless the darkness is complete, I prefer flash to be only bright enough to lighten the highlights instead of producing a brilliant foreground figure and a solid black background.

In underwater color photography, a flash attachment is a valuable adjunct, since certain colors of the spectrum filter out rapidly as they enter the water. At a depth of twenty feet, most of the red is gone, and even the yellows are not true. At fifty feet, red has become black and yellow has become green. Color pictures by available light, therefore, are impractical at depths below twenty feet, except for special circumstances where the predominant blues and greens are not objectionable.

Some people prefer a picture to appear as the eye sees it. If that's the way you like it, go ahead and shoot color by natural light at any depth. Because of the blue in the water between the camera and your subject, however, the film will show even more

At Grand Cayman Island, Dr. Eugenie Clark approaches a school of squid in 25 feet of water. The picture, made on 35mm Kodachrome, was drastically underexposed, and couldn't be viewed by projection. By making a black-and-white negative, contrast was increased and detail brought out.



blue than does the naked eye, unless a compensating filter is used.

If flash is used only to throw artificial light on foreground subjects, a beautiful effect is obtained. The reds and yellows come out, while the background retains its bluish-green cast.

Flash is easy to handle while diving. Neither the flash bulbs nor the sockets need to be insulated in any way. Only the batteries must be protected from the water. It is best to use small batteries which may be carried within the camera housing itself. Flash bulbs may be carried in a net attached to your waist or fastened to the arm of your flash gun by rubber bands. The reflector should be used on as long an extension as possible—at least eighteen inches from the lens, and preferably two or more feet. This is necessary to prevent the light from bouncing back from the multitudinous organisms and particles of matter which are suspended in the water.

So...where do you go in Florida to take sub-surface pictures? That's easy. Florida, I am happy to say, has the finest waters for underwater photography of any state in the union. This is true of both the salt and fresh waters; but Florida's fresh water areas, in particular, are unique. Nowhere else in the world can you find so many crystal-clear springs of pure, warm water.



The author's 12-year-old son dives with aqua-lung and a Leica camera.

There are seventeen springs of first magnitude in Florida. This means that the flow of each is more than 100 cubic feet per second—64,600,000 gallons per day—or enough water to satisfy the needs of a city of 600,000 people! There are forty-nine springs of second magnitude—each having a flow of from 6,460,000 gallons per day to 64,600,000 gallons per day. That's a lot of water.

Florida, in fact, has the two largest known springs in the world, Silver and Rainbow, with respective daily flows of 520,000,000 and 450,000,000 gallons. The spring with the largest orifice, or opening, is also located in Florida. This is Wakulla, fifteen miles south of Tallahassee.

Besides the many well-known Florida springs, there are literally hundreds of lesser springs, varying in diveable depth from a few feet to over two hundred feet. Some of these are not even listed in the excellent book, "Springs of Florida," obtainable from the Department of Conservation (Geological Bulletin No. 31).

Unfortunately, some of the better springs are closed to skindivers as a result of a few unscrupulous lads with spears who ignore the law prohibiting the spear-ing of fish in Florida's fresh waters. Please...don't take spears with you when you dive in springs. You'll make it rough for the 90% of us who would rather

(Continued on next Page)

(Continued from preceding page)

preserve the beauties of the underwater world on film than to kill the wildlife. Besides, some land-owners take a dim view of the wanton slaughter of their prized black bass.

Silver Springs is a nice spot for pictures, and the management, composed almost entirely of divers, is sympathetic toward underwater shutterbugs. Of necessity, however, they have found it necessary to bar divers from the main spring, because of interference with the operation of their glass-bottom boats. Below the big spring, however—in Silver Run—there are many deep holes and minor springs where you can get pictures of bass, gars, catfish—and even alligators.

In the same general area are Juniper Springs, Nashua Springs, Salt Springs, Alexander Springs, Wekiva Springs, Glen Springs and Magnesia Springs . . . plus many others which have no names. Farther north are Su-No-Wa Springs and Wadesboro Springs, near Jacksonville; and farther west, Ichatuckee Springs, White Springs, Falmouth Springs and Suwannee Springs. In the Tallahassee area are River Sink, Hampton Springs, Waldo Springs, Wacissa Springs, Blue Springs, and Glen Julia Springs.

Throughout the lengths of the Santa Fe and Suwannee rivers are many excellent springs, some of which have probably never been explored. Some, such as Manatee Springs, near Old Town, are well-known and operated as swimming pools. Others can be located only by cruising along the rivers and looking for "boils" created by the force of water rising from the bottom. These rivers are not clear, but the springs



This big grouper exhibits an almost-human scowl as it hovers over a Florida reef. Due to backlighting, the fish appeared solid black with no distinguishable detail when printed normally. The author obtained this print by making a short exposure in the enlarger on high contrast paper, and developing in undiluted developer.

themselves are clear after you go down a few feet from the surface.

Farther south, on the west coast, in Levy, Citrus and Hernando counties, a series of spring-fed rivers—Waccasassa, Crystal, Homosassa, Chassahowitzka and Weekiwachee—rise a few miles from the Gulf. Each of these has superbly clear water, deep holes, grass beds and patches of white sand bottom; and each is host to salt water fishes such as tarpon, snook, redfish and trout, in addition to tremendous populations of fresh water fishes. In Crystal River—which has many beautiful springs—you can sometimes find a manatee to photograph; and on one occasion I observed a school of porpoises cavorting in one of the springs.

Now, a word of caution: although shallow water diving is undoubtedly safer than taking a bath, deep diving is beset with more dangers than some manufacturers of diving equipment would have you believe. The equipment itself is safe enough, but there are dangers inherent in the human apparatus. It is easy to become so enamored by the beauties and mysteries of the underwater world that you throw caution aside. Particularly this is true while exploring the caves which lie deep within most Florida springs.



Author Bill Stephens goes into the big tank at Marine Studios to take close-up photographs of sharks. (Photo by Ernie Libby)



The author made this photograph of an angelfish with a Robot camera; Plus-X film rated at 500; exposure f.16 at 1/100 second.

Several divers have lost their lives through entering underwater caverns without benefit of lifeline to the surface or without sufficient air to get back out. There is often total darkness in the caves, and if you have no light—or if your light burns out or is lost—you can easily become disoriented. It is difficult for a non-diver to conceive, but you actually cannot tell which direction is up when you cannot see your air bubbles rising. Too, the euphoria of nitrogen narcosis (caused by breathing compressed air under a pressure of three or more atmospheres), aptly named "Rapture of the Deep," can cause one to lose all sense of time and consciousness of danger.

Some divers think that they are immune to narcosis. Many medical authorities, however, believe that this form of drunkenness affects all divers at some point between 100 and 200 feet. It affects different persons in different ways, of course, and in varying degrees of severity, but it probably affects everyone. Some people claim they feel nothing after three martinis, too, but medical tests would prove that their reflexes have been dulled.

A few months ago I was almost overcome by a severe attack of nitrogen narcosis, while I was in total darkness at a depth of more than 200 feet. I became extremely dizzy, dull-witted, and entirely lost my sense of direction. I am lucky to have gotten out of that hole; and as a result of the experience I have gained a healthy respect for the danger of

cave diving. It is, in my opinion, the most hazardous of diving activities.

I say this with first-hand knowledge of other types of diving. In salt water I have come very close to being dashed to pieces against a reef when caught in a breaking surf. I have been caught in currents too swift to swim against. I have come within inches of having a 300-pound leopard ray drive three poisonous barbs into my stomach. I have taken head-on pictures of sharks at a distance of three feet. I have watched a large barracuda with mouth open whip in a circle about my head at a distance of two feet.

These experiences, however, pale to insignificance in my mind when compared to the utter horror of being in serious trouble in a deep cave without light or contact with the world above. I cannot emphasize too strongly the importance of learning one's equipment and adopting a strong policy of never swimming alone.

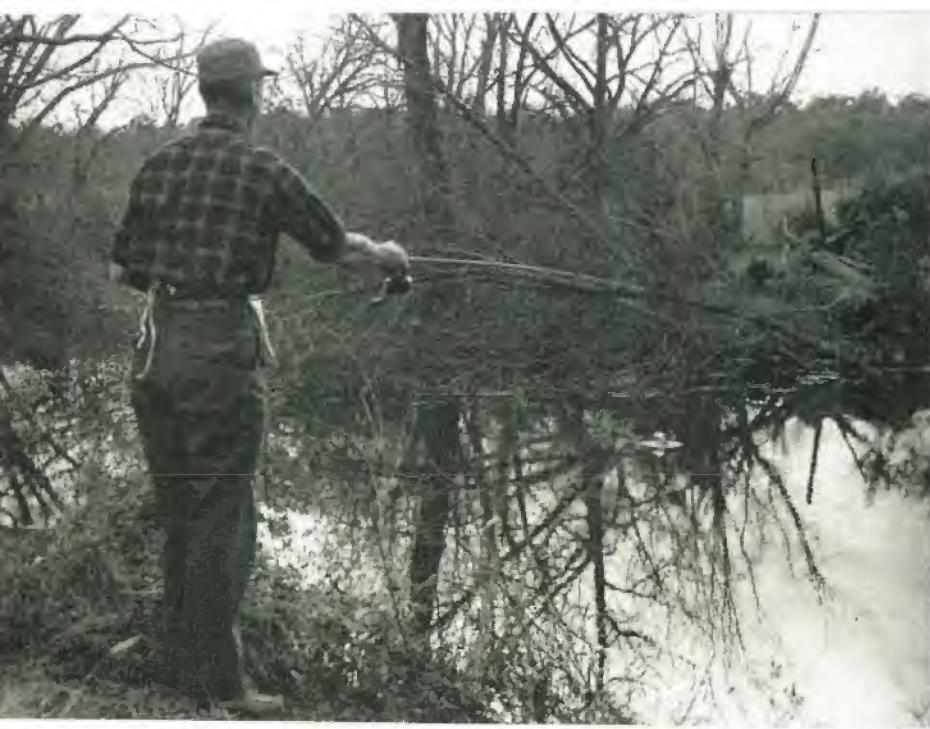
I am, you may think, going far afield in discussing such matters in an article on photography. You are going to take your pictures in shallow water, you may say, where such dangers do not exist. I can only answer that, if you become really absorbed in underwater pictures, you will eventually use underwater breathing apparatus; and you may some day find yourself in a precarious situation where panic will prove fatal. It pays to think about it before it occurs. Better to be overly-cautious than prematurely dead.

Well....good diving, good pictures and good luck. I hope you have an understanding wife. ●



The same angelfish, shot by the author's 12-year-old son, Don, using a Leica camera, in 30 feet of water. Plus-X film at 500.—exposure f.12 at 1/100 second.

OFF-TRAIL



Light spinning tackle is ideal for fishing the off-trail spots.

THE NARROW SPIT of dark water partly hidden by a stand of oak trees didn't impress me as a potential fishing hotspot. In fact, until now I could have cared less whether it held fish or not. But a cloudburst had played havoc with my favorite fishing river. It was running full, its waters a chocolate color. I was on my way home when I chanced to notice the jewel of mirrorlike water a few dozen feet off the road. On an impulse I decided to investigate.

Stopping my auto, I walked across to the water. It was a small stream that had been backed up with an earthen levee to make a waterhole for livestock. The placid surface was dimpled with swirls of feeding fish.

The fellow who owned the land with the waterhole lived only a short drive up the road. I quickly returned to my automobile and drove to his place. "Sure, go ahead and give her a try," he said after I asked to fish the stream. "My nephew did put a few small bass in the hole two summers back when he visited us. But to my knowledge no one has ever fished it."

I returned to the pool, hurriedly rigged my spinning tackle and removed a small yellow popper from the plastic box in my hip pocket and clipped it on the business end of my line. The waterhole actually was three small pools connected by a narrow channel, much like links of sausage. Creeping up on the hole stealthily to keep from spooking the fish, I lobbed my lure to the far bank. The concentric rings from the plug were still washing against the shore gently when suddenly the lure disappeared in a violent swirl. Luckily, the bass hooked itself on the strike for my reactions never would have recovered in time.

The bass spurted down the pool. I held the pliant rod tip high, letting the fish tire itself out against the incessant strain. Shortly I eased it up on the grassy

Don't bypass those
small, insignificant-looking
places. Often they
teem with bass which have
seldom seen a bait.

shore. It was a dark-backed largemouth bass, chunky and fat. About two pounds, I guessed.

The commotion undoubtedly had alarmed other fish in the tiny pool, but nevertheless I tried a few more casts before walking down to the next stop, a dishpan-shaped hole about thirty feet long. It was deep and still. Here I was greeted with an encore. The bass, a super-charged acrobat, was a twin to the first.

The third pool produced an eager yearling which I tossed back. After about fifteen minutes wait, I tried the three holes again and picked up another pair, both weighing about a pound apiece.

Now four bass is no bragging catch. But since I'd spent less than an hour on the stream it wasn't bad. Many pleasant memories I have of that little insignificant-looking stream. Of course, it had its limitations, mainly because of its diminutive size. But it always was good for a few bass and it was easily reached and easily fished.

After a few months I had most of the larger bass caught from the stream. I quit it for awhile where the remaining fish could spawn and rejuvenate the population. But it had served a useful purpose. I have an inherent curiosity. I got to thinking about that incident. Surely there were other bypassed bass waters, spots off the beaten path which beckoned with blue-ribbon fishing. I started looking.

My next golden discovery was a ten-acre natural lake nestled in a shallow valley. It was a beautiful spot, a neck-deep pool of dark vegetation-stained water rimmed with hyacinths. A black-with-white-ribs chuggar fished along the lily pads late of an afternoon brought fast action.

I kept looking and found several similar places. The off-trail places weren't difficult to locate. In fact, there were more than I ever imagined. Wangling permission

BASS FISHING

By RUSSELL TINSLEY

to fish them presented somewhat of a problem at times, however. Most were on private land. A majority of the landowners were cordial and gladly honored my requests to fish. Others remembered previous experiences they had with thoughtless sportsmen.

I've never encountered any of the so-called lunkers in these diminutive, out-of-the-way places nor do I expect to. My biggest fish was an ounce better than four pounds. Nonetheless, I've discovered some highly satisfying and challenging fishing. In many cases the bass actually are stunted because of overpopulated waters. I've tried to remedy such disconcerting situations.

Light spinning tackle is ideal for such fishing. My pet rig is a seven-foot rod, medium-action, and an open-face reel with six-pound-test monofilament. I've had two or three good bass get in the weeds and break off, but generally this outfit is more than adequate. A pound-size largemouth can give a good account of itself on this delicate tackle, and I can cast even the smallest of lures a great distance with the resilient tip. Sometimes a long, accurate cast is necessary, especially if I can't approach too close to a pool without scaring the fish.

Weedless lures or top-water baits usually are the best since the small pools are laced with vegetation. Your initial cast into a hole is all-important, so it doesn't pay to gamble with a conventional underwater lure fouling.

To my notion the nicest thing about this off-trail bass fishing is the environment. No longer must an angler joust with crowds to get at the choice fishing holes. He's got it all to himself. Most everyone ignores these insignificant-looking spots as they bustle toward the fishing places which happen to be in the news that particular day.

The average American angler is a conformist. He goes along with the majority, never taking the initiative. For example, a story can run in the local newspaper that the fish are hitting like mad on a particular lake that is popular with the populous. The next day that lake will be overrun with anglers. Or a story can appear stating that a certain artificial bait is catching lots of fish. It won't take sporting goods stores long to sell their available supply.

Few anglers I know go out of their way to learn anything new about fishing. They simply are content to



The author with his catch from one small, out-of-the-way stream.

let someone else blaze the way. That's the primary reason why I have most of these off-the-beaten-path spots to myself. No one wants to take the time or effort to discover new and challenging fishing places.

Most of these off-trail spots are easily fished. No elaborate boat or motor is needed. Fact is, most of them are too small for a boat anyway. A friend of mine carries a small two-man rubber boat in the trunk of his car and uses this to fish the larger spots. A majority of them, though, are fished from the bank. Many times the angler must approach on hands and knees to prevent the fish from spying his telltale silhouette.

Suppose you want to hunt some of these out-of-the-way fishing spots. There are several ways you can approach the problem. The best, naturally, is knowing the country where you live. I mentally remember each stream and lake I pass as I drive about my bailiwick. Later I check each one for fishing possibilities. Another way is to go to the county courthouse and get maps showing streams, lakes and rivers. Even artificial stock ponds sometimes are possibilities. This latter way has its advantages. Sometimes the likely spots are far away from public roads. That's why few fishermen ever discover them.

Many anglers don't realize that bass need not have big water to survive. Often a tiny, knee-deep pool will harbor a keeper or two. Fishing, like anything else, is where you find it. Don't accept the obvious. Look around. Perhaps there is an off-trail spot within a short drive of your home. Let's not allow it to go to waste. ●

SUMMER SHOOT

By GEORGE X. SAND



This raucous black nest-robbing will fly no more. Note stuffed owl on pole, dead crows 'perched' on planted branch nearby.

A MAN YEARNED, during that long period between the last January duck flight and the first rail bird hunt the following September, for a legal flying target on which to use his shotgun. So, I'd been watching and listening with growing interest as an unusually large number of crows proceeded quite brazenly to pillage the Florida lower east coast farm country close by to where I live.

Farmers swore unholy vengeance at sight of corn fields that grew up unnecessarily sparse simply because the bold birds had followed contemptuously down the freshly planted rows—almost at the farmer's back—pulling the tasty kernels from the ground even before they could germinate. Hunting bands of the raucous black marauders flapped derisively through the tree tops, causing consternation amongst songbird and game bird alike; often leaving littered on the ground below, as sad evidence of their passing, delicate blue and white egg shells, bits of patiently-gathered nest material.

Finally I could stand it no longer. I decided to enlist the aid of several of the local sportsmen and stage a crow hunt.

"It shouldn't be very difficult," I told them eagerly.



Equipment which was used on the hunt.

"The outdoor magazines have repeatedly carried articles describing how it is done. All you have to do is find a likely spot and make a blind from which you can work a crow call without being seen. And get a stuffed owl. Crows hate owls—"

But instead of the wholehearted cooperation which I'd expected, an uneasy silence settled over those present; I watched my suggestion die a miserable death in the tobacco smoked air.

At last someone asked kindly: "Have you ever gone on a crow hunt before?"

"No," I answered truthfully.

"Where yuh gonna get a stuffed owl?" An' how about a crow call—yuh ever tried using one of the danged things?" another put in quickly.

I admitted that I hadn't.

One discouraging comment followed another. Finally a quiet faced chap in the corner spoke up to give what evidently was to be the consensus of opinion regarding crow hunting in general.

It might look easy
on paper, but I soon found
out that crow shooting
is far from being a simple matter.

"Sure, it's easy to do it—on paper," said this man with whom I'd hunted upland birds on several occasions and for whom I had a marked respect. "But just go out and try it. Sammy Crow has got an eye like a 12 power 'scope, and a brain like a corporation lawyer. And while shooting him would provide all sorts of fun—sharpen up your gun arm for duck season, and all that—you'll find that he'll never give you the chance."

"All right, we'll see," I told them stubbornly, "'cause just as soon as I can get a few things together, I'm going to try it!"

The crow call was a simple matter to get. In exchange for a dollar I not only got it, but also, some free advice from the sincere chap behind the counter of the gun store.

"Take along a few lengths of stiff wire. When you knock down a couple, use the wire to prop 'em up for decoys."

"I'll do it," I promised grimly.

Getting the owl was a bit more difficult. A hasty canvass of the local tap rooms, however, soon brought to light a huge member of the order of Strigiformes that glared balefully down at me from one wall. Several "first todays" later, the bartender himself a hunter, was leering at me with the owlish affection that is apt to come upon members of the brotherhood who meet unexpectedly in such places.

"Now remember, her name's Fanny," my new friend confided solemnly as I prepared to depart with the borrowed specimen. "An' you better give 'er a good dustin' off—owls hate dust, y'know!"

Getting Fanny into the house without being seen, was something else again. The better half, already impatiently awaiting dinner, was in no mood to listen to excuses.

"You've been drinking!" she accused, sniffing suspiciously.

"You know I don't drink—that bartender must have drooled on me."

"I don't believe it!"

"All right,—but tomorrow you can take the pictures as Fanny and I show you how to bag those crows that ruined your pet robin nest!"

The morning broke cloudy and threatening of rain. Had the weather been colder, I might well have felt that I was tumbling out to go after ducks.

I'd picked out a large cornfield as the scene of our operations. As I parked the car at the edge of the State highway that bordered the field, the little lady,



Don't expect Sammy Crow to come within shooting range of a make-shift blind like this. He's got an eye sharp as a 12-power 'scope.

also something of a hunter, became frankly skeptical.

"What makes you think there will be any crows here?" she asked, scanning the skies.

"Crows always hang around cornfields," I answered confidently.

I'd chosen the site purposely because a solitary pine indented the field on one side, along with a convenient patch of brush at the base, in which to make a hide.

My wife laughed outright as I skinned laboriously upward along the trunk of the pine amidst a shower of falling bark.

"If your cronies could only see you now," she scoffed, and I heard the spiteful click of the camera shutter.

"Tie the owl fast to the end of this rope," I snapped, lowering it to her. By this time I was grimly determined to see the thing through at all costs.

The owl fastened securely to a green bough, I slid quickly to the ground again. In short order I made a blind in the brush, jacked a couple of hulls into the double barrel 12, and prepared to settle down for business.

"Caw—caw—caw!" The crow call worked like a charm.

But ten long minutes dragged by, and nothing happened.

"Maybe you'd better blow your horn louder," my partner suggested sarcastically.

"If you mean my call," I corrected irritably, "I will!"

"Caw—caw—caw—CAW!"

The pleading tones danced away in all directions

(Continued on next page)

across the tops of the corn stalks. Overhead the owl appeared very realistic with the slight breeze against her feathers. Things should begin to happen at any instant now.

"Caw—caw—caw!"

Nothing!

"Better give 'em the mating call, this routine stuff doesn't seem to be working!"

"Caw—caw—caw!"

Nothing! Nothing, in fact, for the next half hour; for the next hour; *for the next two hours!*

Several times we'd seen passing crows, of course, but always in the distance. And apparently they had no desire whatsoever to shorten that distance!

"Come on, let's get out of here before some of our friends see us!" the little woman snapped disgustedly at last. "Go back and confess to the boys that you were wrong. Maybe some day you'll be able to grow black feathers and learn to talk crow without a Yankee accent. Then you can find where they hang out and bring your gun along to some of the meetings—"

"Hey, wait—that's the answer!" I shouted, suddenly excited. I'd been climbing up after the owl again, and now paused, looked happily down at her.

"What's the answer?" she demanded suspiciously.

"Why—'finding where they hang out'—as you said." I waved my arm. "Look about you. This corn is *green*. It provides no food for crows! In the spring planting season, yes perhaps. Even in the fall, after it is gathered and some is left behind on the ground. *But not now!*"

And there, mister, is one of the first lessons to be learned to insure successful crow shooting. Give a little time to the study of your birds. Find out what areas they tread over habitually. It is not hard. Two or three causal trips in the car will suffice. Don't do as I did—set up some place simply because it offered a convenient hide!

That evening over the telephone and in person, after I'd confessed that I'd been obliged to return empty handed, I became the target for sounds that sounded suspiciously like owl hoots. I made no reply, for since my unhappy experience I'd made it a point to converse at some length with the local farmers on the subject of crows, and had learned in what fields the birds were in the habit of feeding. Before another sunset, I felt, I should have something to show for my efforts.

Bright and early next morning found me at the edge of a field that had recently been harvested of a good crop of oats. During the gathering process some of the oats had been left behind on the ground, as must invariably happen, and on this easily-gotten food a number of crows had been feeding regularly in the past.



"Fatal Fannie" and several of her victims.

This time, instead of laboriously climbing a tree, I mounted Fanny firmly atop a short pole that I'd fashioned for the purpose. The pole was next inserted into the field about thirty yards away from the edge of the woods.

Hardly had I seated myself on one of the two boxes which I'd brought for the purpose, when I sighted a crow.

"Caw—caw—caw!"

The crow wavered in flight, then gradually turned and started toward us!

"Get ready with the camera!" I whispered nervously.

"I'm ready—get the crow first!" came the nonchalant reply.

"Caw—caw—caw!"

As if frightened by this last blast, the solitary Sammy swung suddenly over the woods and out of sight behind us!

But mister, my disappointment was only momentary. For suddenly, seemingly out of nowhere, that crow reappeared! And this time he had three or four of his buddies with him—all screeching savagely and diving hell-for-leather toward the unimpressed Fanny.

"Wham!" A black body went cascading end over end, tailheavy with the weight of most of a load of 6's!

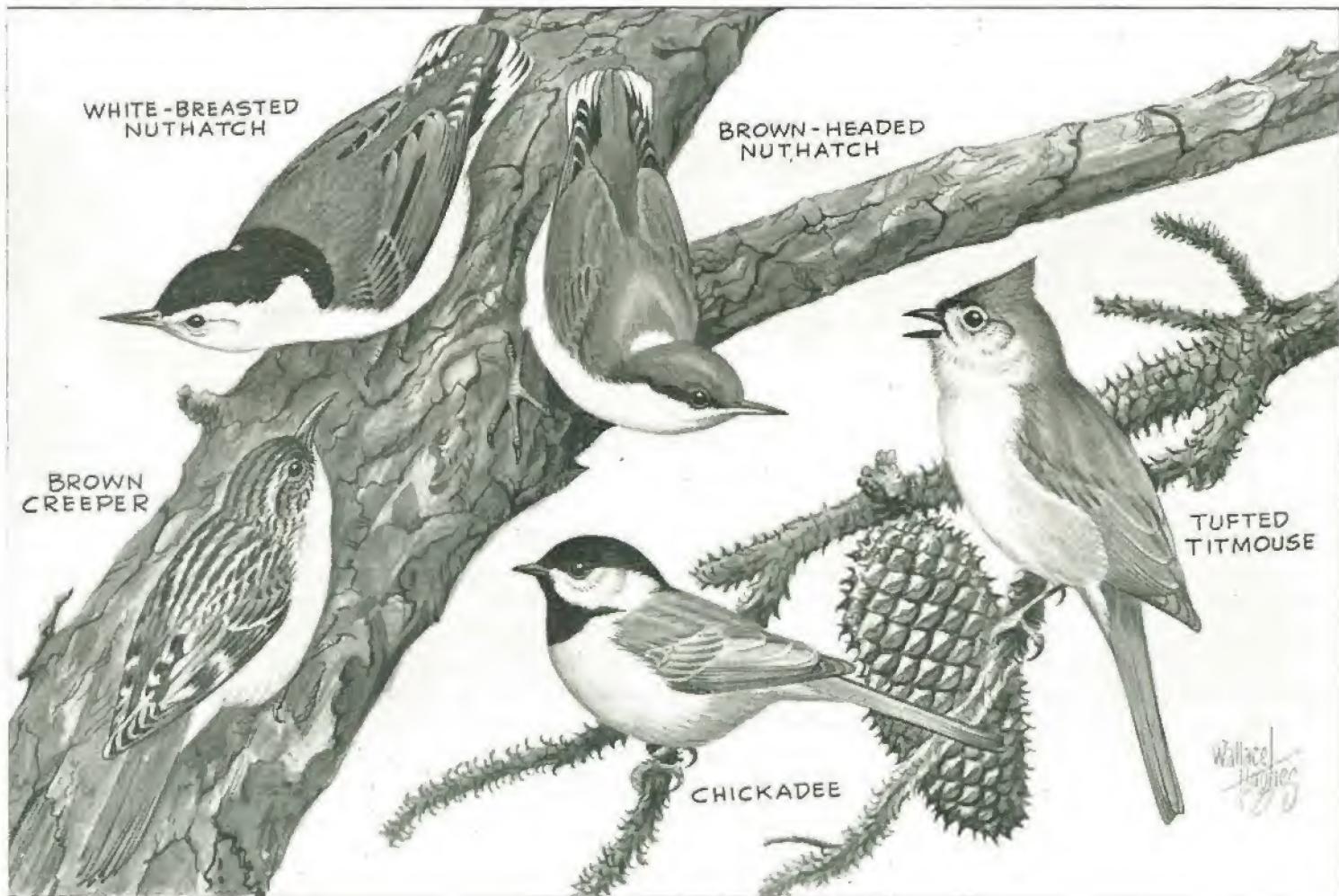
"Whammo!" Another of the Sammys, one who'd elevated sharply upward a dozen feet at sound of the first gun, now stopped abruptly at the top of his climb—let broken wings V limply skyward as his lifeless body sagged.

"Howdja like *that*?" I demanded happily, twisting about to face the expedition's photographer. And then anxiously: "Don't tell me you didn't manage to stop one of those kills?"

"I'm not sure," she answered weakly, "things happened so fast—"

(Continued on Page 34)

FLORIDA BIRDLIFE



Chickadee, *Parus carolinensis*.

This tiny bird, measuring from 4 to 4½ inches in length, seems always on the go, bustling about the trees in an incessant search for food. Moths and caterpillars are highly important items in the diet of the species, comprising a goodly portion of the animal matter eaten. On a year around basis, only a bit over ¼ of the Chickadee's food is of a vegetable nature. The seeds of poison ivy make up the bulk of this.

The black-capped chickadee, a close relative of the Florida form, has a relatively longer tail and smaller bill than the more southerly ranging bird. The characteristic black, white, and gray plumage pattern makes this bird easily identified.

In Florida the chickadee occurs with more or less regularity as far south as Tarpon Springs on the Gulf and to the vicinity of Melbourne on the Atlantic side of the peninsula.

Below a line drawn across the state between these two communities the chickadee, if not entirely absent, is very definitely uncommon.

Tree cavities, either natural or those abandoned by woodpeckers, are the most often selected nesting sites. Suitably placed bird boxes are also readily acceptable to the chickadees. The 5 to 7 white eggs are speckled with reddish brown markings, varying from heavy speckling to very light markings. April and May is the nesting season here in the Sunshine State.

The call of the Florida chickadee is distinctive although, as with most bird voices, is difficult to put down on paper to the unanimous satisfaction of all. It sounds a good bit like tsee-dee, the first part of which is lower in pitch and not as loud as the second part.

Tufted Titmouse, *Parus bicolor*.

The head crest and the reddish brown color of the sides are the field

marks by which this bird is most easily identified. In length it averages about 6 inches.

Over a goodly portion of the eastern half of the country the tufted titmouse is a familiar woodland figure. The range of the species extends from New Jersey westward to Nebraska and on down through central Texas to the Gulf and into Florida. Here in this state it is a common resident from about Collier County northward.

They are busy birds, seldom remaining still for more than a moment or two at a time. They feed in a manner that is quite similar to that of the chickadees, thoroughly searching twigs, buds, and bark for insects and insect egg masses. During the warmer periods of the year, caterpillars comprise a major dietary item. Animal matter, most of which is insect in nature, makes up about two-thirds of the food eaten. The re-

(Continued on next Page)

(Continued from preceding Page)

maining portions consists of such vegetable matter as berries, acorns, and various wild fruits.

Tree hollows and abandoned woodpecker holes are among the common nesting sites of the tufted titmouse. The nest itself may be quite bulky, consisting of a mass of leaves, pieces of bark, strings of moss and the like stuffed into the cavity. The inner cup is padded with softer materials such as hair, feathers, and bits of twine. The five to seven white eggs are speckled with fine brownish spots.

White-breasted Nuthatch,

Sitta carolinensis.

The acrobatic antics of this bird is one of the characteristics by which it may be easily identified in the field. They seem to spend as much of their time hanging upside down, busily searching the undersurfaces of twigs and branches for food, as they do in the more typically bird-like upright position. They are frequently seen descending the trunks of trees headfirst which trait marks them, even from a considerable distance, as a nuthatch.

The white-breasted nuthatch is about six inches in average length. The clear white underparts and the dark cap which is black in the males and usually more grayish in the young birds and the females, is distinctive.

The species is a fairly common resident in the upper two thirds of the state. In the more southerly portions it is encountered as little more than an infrequent visitor.

Its voice is a distinctive and characteristic forest sound. At all seasons of the year both male and female frequently utter the nasal *yank yank* call. The voice has a somewhat querulous quality and once properly identified as to source is seldom forgotten.

Tree cavities are the preferred nesting sites although they may use suitably located bird boxes. The 4 to 6 white eggs are lightly marked with specklings of reddish brown.

Seeds, acorns, and fruit are important items in the diet of this bird although considerable quantities of insect eggs and both mature and immature insects are avidly sought out.

Brown-headed Nuthatch,

Sitta pusilla.

The Brown-headed Nuthatch is a bird of the pinewoods sections of the state. So closely is this attachment as a matter of fact that an encounter with the species at any distance from the pine timber is most unlikely.

The adults have cinnamon-brown head and nape plumage and a conspicuous spot of white on the hind neck. The immature birds are similar in general appearance but the top of the head is gray.

Throughout the entire state, wherever suitable pine stands are found, the brown-headed nuthatch is sure to be in residence. It is in the northwestern Panhandle however where they attain their greatest abundance.

Dead stubs and stumps are the usual sites of the nesting burrows. The birds excavate the cavity themselves and line it with hair, feathers, shreds of bark and the like. The 5 or 6 heavily spotted eggs are deposit-

ed sometime during March or April.

Except during the nesting season, they fly about in small flocks noisily advertising their presence by continuous calling. The voice is typical of the tribe, nasal in quality but harsher and reedier than that of the white-breasted nuthatch.

Animal matter, mainly such insects as wood-boring beetles, ants, scales, and caterpillars, form much of the food supply. Pine seeds are also reportedly eaten to some extent.

Brown Creeper, *Certhia familiaris*.

A slim curved bill is the outstanding feature marking the brown creeper. It is another of the small woodland species, measuring perhaps 5½ inches in length on the average. Its plumage coloration is basically brown and white.

The brown creeper is a widely distributed form. It nests from Nova Scotia westward through Canada to central Alaska. Southward it is known as a breeding species into the mountain regions of North Carolina and in the mountains of the west southwest into Central America.

In Florida the brown creeper is a winter resident only and seems never to be overly abundant in any particular locality. It is much more likely to be encountered in the northern and northwestern counties than elsewhere in the state.

The mottled plumage of the creeper is a natural camouflage. This coupled with a quiet and unobtrusive nature makes it a bird that could be easily overlooked by the casual outdoorsman.

Its method of feeding is both interesting and characteristic. Starting low down on a tree trunk, a bird hitches its way upward in a spiral course deliberately and carefully searching for food. When it gets well up into the tree, it flies to another, landing not far above the ground and begins its upward spiraling once again.

Insects in all stages of development from egg to the adult make up the mainstay of the brown creeper's diet. ●



THE SPILLWAY

(Continued from Page 21)

of even the most lazy oarsman. A trailer park is planned in the vicinity, and there is also a small grocery store and a drive-in close by.

The spillway offers a variety of fish. If you are a bass specialist, on an average day you won't leave disappointed. And it is not unusual for a bass to find a perch minnow or a bream worm to his liking. The cane-pole record to date, on bream hook and worm is a 6½-pounder. On standard tackle, however, spillway bass will take golden shiners readily most any time of the year with March-April-May-June months being best.

If you prefer to flip artificials, such plugs as the Sonic and Mirrorlure, and the Upperman, Floreo, and No-Alibi jigs produce well. Try plugs in the slower water, the jigs in the white water. There's a small spinning lure called Duggan's Dart that seems to have a particular appeal to spillway bass, too.

Bream are always plentiful, especially in the faster water. A cane pole with monofilament line is the standard rig, and a redworm reigns supreme as the attractor. Hooked once through the sex band and dangled in fast water, a worm doesn't last long. Crickets have their day, too, and on occasion bonnet worms come in for their share of the glory. Bream are year-round residents, but summer months cause their population to increase.

The shellcrackers usually appear in early Spring and sometimes stick around all summer. In the Fall of 1957, shellcrackers were taken at the spillway up into the second week in December. While any variety of worm will catch them, there's one kind collected in northern Florida and Georgia that seems particularly appetizing to these fish. Called "pond worms" or "Louisiana pinks," they are taken by "vibrating" — pounding a stake in the ground and sawing another board across it. Sensitive to vibrations, the worms crawl out of their holes and are easily

gathered. North state and Georgia anglers usually bring their own supply along.

Speckled perch are a little more seasonal, mostly confined to the months of January, February, March, and April. Minnows on cane poles, or small artificials are good choices for them. You'll find the specks preferring the fast water, and they can be taken at night under lights, too.

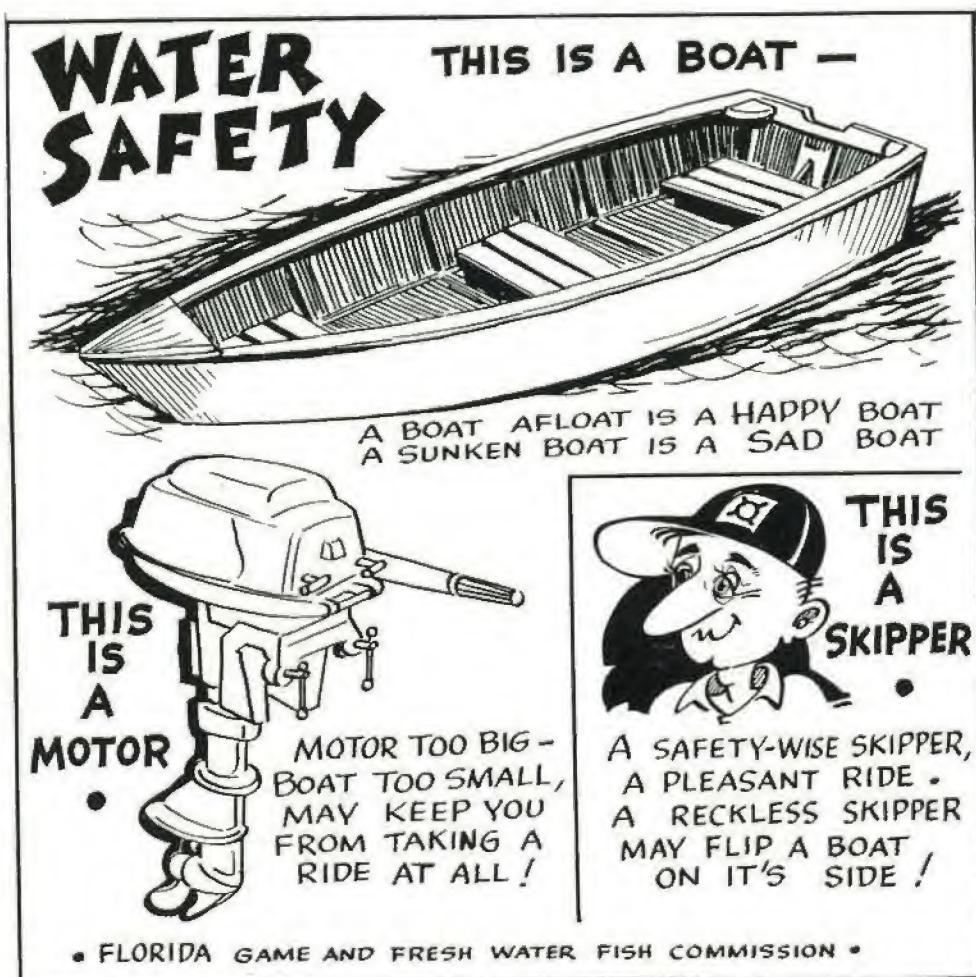
Perhaps the fish that cause as much excitement as any at the spillway are the catfish. One Panama City angler, using shiners for bass, ended up with a 28- and a 29-pounder. Another angler, Tommy Anderson of Eustis, was spinning for bass this last November; his lure was a Floreo jig. To sum it up, Tommy walked off with one 12-pounder, but two others had raced uncontrolled down the river until his line snapped. The cats bite best in the colder months, slow down in summer although a few big blues still hang around to be caught. Standard baits are chicken guts, shrimp, blood baits,

cut fish, and beef heart. In the artificial department, the bottom-bounced jig, worked slowly, is a likely candidate for a bewhiskered stringer addition.

As a bonus (and boney) fish, the jack pike show up around January and February. They stay in the slower water, hit minnows best, but sometimes take a change of diet in the form of worms and shiners. A 7½-pounder tops the spillway list.

Mudfish, shad, and gars occupy the area, too. An occasional angler tries for shad in the white water with a small jig and is usually rewarded. Recently, to test the number of rough fish, the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission used a "shocker" in the water immediately below the spillway. They took out boatloads of shad, mudfish, and gars—but returned 70 beautiful bass, proof of the spillways attraction.

That is the story of spillway fishing. Once tried, you'll agree that it is about as easy to fish and as consistent as any fishing spot can be. •



SUMMER SHOOT

(Continued from Page 30)

"You're not — what I began, but stopped abruptly as I looked in the direction of her pointed finger.

Off to the right, perhaps two hundred yards away, a half dozen more crows were coming — grimly silent, and making straight for Fanny!

I slipped off the safety and let them come on. 150 yards...100. They flew in a straight line, low over the ground and not unlike ducks, although the wing beats were noticeably slower.

"Wham!" Too late, I realized that the lead bird had caught sight of me as I brought the gun up. He seemed to jerk himself straight upward on a ladder of strident cries, and my pattern punctured the air where he should have been.

"Wham!" I snapped a quick shot at the twisting Sammy immediately behind. This one almost succeeded in getting away too, but a lucky pellet slapped against a wing and broke it.

I watched him fishtail helplessly down, both feet outstretched to cushion his fall.

As I came running up he stopped hopping about; crouched down and regarded me defiantly from snapping black eyes. I noted the long, pointed black bill beneath the eyes, thought of how many nest eggs must have been ruthlessly punctured by it, and proceeded promptly to bring his head down against the end of the gun barrels.

"Bring those short lengths of stiff wire," I called, "we're going to rig up some decoys."

Two of the dead crows were propped up in a standing position by means of stiff wire sent up toward the neck, with the other end stuck into the ground for support. The third crow was given special treatment; his wings were stretched out with the aid of a second stiff wire and some short flexible pieces,

so that he gave the appearance of fighting the owl.

Back in the blind again, the wait this time was much longer. A Sammy crossed the field, flying high, and paying no attention to either the call or the decoys. On another occasion a pair swung in cautiously only to drop abruptly to earth well out of gunshot, where they stood stiffly observing the scene before bouncing upward and away again with derisive cries.

"They're getting wise to us," I said. "We'll have to move on to another field shortly."

"Caw — caw — caw!"

The raucous scream came from overhead and behind us, and it carried with it a note of hatred that could never spring from the wooden throat of even the best crow call!

"Whammo!" I brought down the arc of my gun barrels just in time to prevent Fanny from getting her glass eyes gouged out!

"That one'll be in the movies," a satisfied voice said behind me. "I had it right on him just as you pulled the trigger."

"Good," I said "and now let's pick up and find a new hunting ground."

We did. We hunted three different fields that day. I threw only seven black bodies under the bushes when we left. I should have had more, but I was satisfied, for I'd learned many helpful things.

No longer would I attempt to hunt crows where there weren't any! Henceforth I would study the terrain; if possible set up on a natural flyway enroute between roost and feeding grounds.

Nor would I any longer attach too much importance to the technique of calling crows. For, while I have no doubt that proficiency can be gained in the use of the call, and that such proficiency will prove to be of value, still I had deliberately gone out of my way that day to blow blasts of uneven duration, loudness, and so on — and with no

noticeable ill effects. Obviously, of course, you are not going to deceive a crow very much should you blow only a prolonged blast on the call — or try to play a tune; The same reasoning applies, of course, to movement in the blind — or wearing gaudy clothing, or talking loudly. Remember, you are out to kill one of nature's smartest birds!

While you are killing them you might well allow yourself the luxury of feeling pleased with yourself. The crow, as a predatory bird, is, to the best of my experience, wholly unsurpassed when it comes to viciousness and misbehavior. He reproduces quickly and efficiently, and while he seems to be recognized in this unwanted capacity by having no bag limit restrictions placed upon him, possibly some day this very commendable view will be strengthened by the addition of a universal bounty on his thieving hide.

Perhaps then those of us who have insisted upon carrying with us down through the years the lesson falsely learned when we were uncertain youngsters with our first .22s, namely, that the crow is too smart to bag, will no longer content ourselves with an occasional shot at Sammy — if and when he comes in range — but will instead, devote two or three days each year to a planned crow hunt!

Oh, yes — Fanny. When I attempted to return her, my bacchanal friend, upon learning of my accomplishment, presented her to me, and that in the full light of sobriety, too! I have her still, although her services have since been augmented by those of wooden owl and crow decoys which I have learned to carve, and which seem to work equally well.

In conclusion, need I say that the crow population in this area is definitely on the decline? For, reluctantly at first, then with growing enthusiasm the very sportsmen who had attempted to discourage me are now joining in the sport! ●

dog chatter

By GEORGE CROWLEY

ONE OF THE peculiarities of mankind as distinguished from other animals is that man will find a use for anything. Some of the uses men have found for dogs seem odd to the modern American dog fancier. Probably no Chow Chow now alive in this country has been trained and used to hunt game. But the oldest historical record pertaining to the breed shows that about 150 B.C. Chow Chow's were used in China as hounds.

Chows were also raised as meat and fur animals and it is reported that in some parts of Mongolia they still are. Various breeds of Arctic dogs are still used by their primitive masters for their meat and hides as well as to draw sleds, hunt game, and herd reindeer. American Indians used their dogs in equally diversified ways.

Even in this country dogs were used in more primitive days to turn spits that rotated meat roasting at a fireplace, or to trot endlessly on treadmills to furnish power for light mechanical tasks. Such practice is not wholly past in Europe. Neither is the use of dogs as draft animals.

In the days of Europe's famous (or infamous) medical charlatans and similar abracadabrists, some of these, for instance, Casanova, were accompanied by dogs of the general mastiff family that had been trained to help in the act by speaking (apparently spontaneously, actually on the charlatan's cunning signal) some recognizable words. Dogs who can do that have been used in vaudeville during recent years.

The "Poor Feeder"

Professional dog people know that most dogs "go off their feed" occasionally and don't worry about it. Going off feed, means that for a day or so, a dog just doesn't eat much of anything, and it seems to be a normal and intuitive thing for a dog to do.



But a real problem to both kennel owners and just plain pet owners are the dogs that are known as "poor feeders." These are the dogs who pick at their food — don't like many things and actually injure their health by eating too little. Coupled with this trait is apt to be an unusually nervous disposition, and the combination of the two often shows up in too little weight.

Most vets recommend the feeding of supplementary vitamins in such situations and this, in most cases, will do the job. However, popping a pill down the throat can be a nuisance and while it takes care of the vitamin deficiencies, doesn't do anything to make up for the lack of bulk.

A friend of ours, Farley Manning, related how a veterinarian solved this problem for a lovely, but underweight, Bedlington Terrier, owned by his daughter.

The vet recommended a vitamin supplement called Petonic which is made by the Upjohn Company (who make many pharmaceuticals for humans including vitamin pills). Unlike most supplements, this one is a powder and is simply spread over the food before serving.

But what happens if the dog doesn't eat, you ask.

Well, the remarkable thing about this mixture is that most dogs — including the Manning's — are so crazy about it that they eat the food just to get all the supplement. This in turn takes care of the problem of bulk, of course.

Perhaps it won't work as well in every case, but it certainly worked for the Manning's and they feel that they owe their vet and Dr. Upjohn a vote of thanks. ●

WATER SAFETY

WHEN YOU GO OUT
IN A BOAT —
BE SURE TO TAKE
ALONG A LIFE
PRESERVER FOR
EACH PASSENGER,
BE IT —

SEAT CUSHION LIFE JACKET SKI BELT

— OR INNER TUBE
ANYTHING
THAT WILL
KEEP YOUR
HEAD ABOVE
WATER

IF YOUR BOAT
OVERTURNS —
STAY WITH THE
BOAT UNTIL HELP
COMES — MOST
UPSET BOATS WILL FLOAT

A GOOD WAY
TO HANG
ON!

• FLORIDA GAME AND FRESH WATER FISH COMMISSION •

FLORIDA PLUGCASTER (Continued from Page 14)

drous things when manipulated but aren't so popular with those who "play it straight."

To start out, a plug fisherman should get as wide a spread as possible with his initial investment. A good beginning would be a wobbling spoon, a surface plug with one or more spinners, a near-surface wobbler, a deep-running wobbler and a pork rind type lure that will work with either rubber skirt, rind or both.

At the risk of spending all of his earnings for lures, the smart plugcaster must keep an open mind and he must not go overboard because of one day's success. I am repeatedly approached by condescending souls who charitably inform me that such and such a plug is the living end and I may as well jettison all of my other junk.

The extreme case involved a wealthy bass fishing beginner who had success on a certain lake where a new resort operator had just opened a tackle shop. Not only did the fisherman convince himself that he had the answer to bass fishing but he convinced the new tackle dealer too. The brand new tackle dealer ordered \$800 worth of the perfect plug in only one color but it wasn't a total loss because the one angler took \$100 worth of them.

A few days later the bass quite hitting the perfect plug and the tackle dealer still has about \$695 worth of them. He wrote the original order in 1951. A few weeks after the big deal I arrived on the scene and caught several good strings of fish on a Dardevle spoon. I nearly had to tie up the dealer to keep him from ordering a few hundred bucks' worth of those too. The Dardevle company would have hated me if they had heard about it but the dealer ordered only three dozen. No discredit to the Dardevles but one



Twenty pounds of bass in two packages. The caster is Jack Gowdy, and the place is Lake Dexter, near Astor, on the St. Johns River.

spoon isn't the complete answer to everything.

I guess I don't use my plug rod as much as I used to but I keep coming back to it. It's an old friend and it mellows with age. ●

BALANCE WHEEL

(Continued from Page 7)

plained, this meeting was held simultaneously with the Conference.

Out of this meeting a Chairman was elected for 1959-60. And the new man to guide this very important Council for the next year is Mr. Herb Mayhew from Miami.

During this two day session a total of 22 items of business were discussed plus several others appearing under new business.

To my way of thinking, one of the most important things to come out of the council's meeting was the recommendation of the creation of loose-leaf work sheets to be sent out periodically by the Youth Education

Section for the benefit of all adult leaders and counselors. This type of worksheet would help considerably the advisor with understanding many of our programs in the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

The council also indicated that other ways would be studied to raise money for the program and the Youth Camps to be located throughout the State.

Another important item of business was the method of finding out who are the people who could most help the program, where to find volunteers to take over newly organized clubs, and how to approach the public in securing help and donations for the benefit of the program for the youth of Florida.

A public relations and publicity committee will be appointed very shortly by Mr. Mayhew just as soon as names are submitted to him for study and consideration.

The fall meeting for this council will be held in Tampa sometime in October. The date will be announced later.

The delegates of the League met with the Adult Advisory Committee during Saturday and Sunday. Members of the Council also attended the Banquet.

This coming year portends many positive things to be accomplished by both the League and the Council.

Our very best wishes for success in whatever good you plan. ●

QUESTION ? BOX

By CHUCK SHILLING

Address questions on fishing and boating to Question Box, FLORIDA WILDLIFE, Tallahassee, Fla.

Question: The moment I saw the picture of the 16-pound bass on page 4 of the April issue, I thought of how many times you have written that Florida bass are not potbellied. If that bass doesn't have a pot gut, my eye is deceiving. How about it?

Ted Knowles, St. Louis, Mo.
Answer: My objection is to the phrase, "sluggish and potbellied," as applied to all Florida bass. I stoutly maintain they are not. Some individual bass may have a tendency toward belly fat, particularly if they are females and weigh over 12 pounds. I think this would be true of bass from northern waters if bass up there got that big.

In the case of the bass picture you mention, the shape of the fish was no doubt influenced by the manner in which he was being held and the position in which he was kept in refrigeration. It's possible, even likely, that this fish looked much more shapely when fresh from the water. As an example, please notice the string of fresh caught bass held by Jack Scott on the same page—no potbellies there.

Question: Do you think the various "fish oils" sold to attract fish to lures or live bait are any good?

E. Cramer, Live Oak, Fla.
Answer: That's too big a question to answer with a flat "yes" or "no." Fish are certainly attracted by certain odors or tastes. The efficiency of a chum slick is witness to this proven fact. A few drops of oil of anise or aspidity in a bucket of worms or minnows has long been considered helpful. Limburger cheese and other "loud" additions are standard baits in some sections of the country.

A trick used by many smart fishermen is with cans of cheap, oil sar-

dines. They punch these full of holes with an ice pick and toss them into fishing holes or in the general fishing area. Another theory is that addition of a "fish oil" to a lure not only produces a "good" odor but, also, disguises the "bad" odor our hands give to the bait. This hand odor is believed to repel fish and cut down on strikes.

I would cautiously answer that some fish oil additives certainly seem to have merit.

Question: You say you can smell bream beds but can't describe their odor. How about comparing the bream bed to the odor of overripe watermelons?

R. Geoghegan, Albany, Ga.
Answer: I'll do my comparing next time I'm down wind from a bed. Purely from memory, I think you've hit the nail right on the head. Thanks.

Question: Why don't you write something about the sport of hunting rough fish with bow and arrow? I have shot gar, carp, catfish, and mudfish using this method and think it great fun.

R. Temple, Daytona Beach, Fla.
Answer: Sorry, but I know nothing about your hobby. Perhaps some other writer would like to tackle this chore. I once wrote an article entitled, "Archery is Amazing," although I knew nothing about archery. It must have been a good piece, because I still get an occasional letter from readers who think I'm an archery expert. I'm not anxious to get a reputation as a rough fish Robin Hood.

Question: I have an expensive fly line that has turned sticky. Is there anything I can do?

B. Grange, St. Augustine, Fla.
Answer: Send it back to the manu-

facturer and ask for a replacement. They should make it good. No modern fly line should get sticky. As a last resort, try wiping it down with white gas or Energen and, after it dries, rub it thoroughly with talcum powder.

Question: I would like to come to northern Florida and fish for big bream with light tackle and artificials. Where is the best place?

B. Read, Dallas, Texas

Answer: That's a big question. I'd suggest Lake Santa Fe near Melrose, Crescent Lake near Crescent City, or Little Lake George near Welaka. For up-to-the-minute information after you arrive in Florida, contact Paul Mains, Outdoor Editor of the JACKSONVILLE TIMES UNION.

Question: I am willing to agree with you that catching fish on artificials is more sporting than using live bait. I'll even agree that it is more fun, but I can't follow when you write that using artificials is better for conservation. How come? D. Rambert, Dalton, Ga.

Answer: To define our terms, I'll assume that by "conservation" you mean the protection and proper management of our natural resources. The federal government levies a 10% Exercise Tax on the manufacturer's price of every artificial lure sold in the U.S. As is the nature of all taxes, the consumer ends up picking up this tab. This tax money (Dingell-Johnson Fund) is returned to the state game commissions on a 3-to-1 basis for use on approved projects. The amounts available are determined by the amounts collected and the number of state fishing licenses sold.

Thus, in Florida, if we have a project that will benefit anglers, the Dingell-Johnson Fund will put up \$3.00 for each \$1.00 of ours. Every purchaser of artificial lures is actually paying a tax to help create or maintain the natural resources his sport demands.

Not so the purchaser of live bait. He pays no tax, nor does the producer of this bait, and his choice of live bait does nothing to maintain his sport. I have long held the Dingell-Johnson Act should be enlarged to include live bait as well as artificial.

DRY OR DRENCHED

(Continued from Page 19)

cold-air insulation. It should also have a canvas floor—permanently sewn-in or attachable.

When erecting a tent in rain, have one member of the party take off his shoes and work inside the tent, while companions help complete the job of getting the tent positioned and staked. This method will prevent the chosen living area from being unnecessarily muddled up by many feet.

For dryer camping, dig a trench about four inches wide and four deep around your tent so that rain water will be carried off instead of accumulating on the site. Connect the shallow drainage system with a larger, deeper branch trench sloping away from the tent area on the downhill side. The added comfort to the camp in wet weather will be well worth the investment of time and effort.

Even if your tent has a canvas floor, place an old blanket, burlap bag or a mat of boughs in the doorway for a door mat. Such forethought will save a lot of mud and dirt from being tracked into the tent. Many campers also like to use a length of old carpet or canvas inside the tent as a walkway.

Where tenting is to be on an extended basis, take the trouble to haul along a couple of bales of dry straw. Clean, dry straw spread over the interior of the erected tent makes one of the driest and best insulated floors that can be improvised in combination with a temporary-type outdoor shelter.

Usually this purchase can be made at a cattle ranch, just before severing contact with civilization. When not available in baled form, the dry straw can be tightly stuffed in burlap bags for easy transportation to the camp site.

Anything touching the top of the tent, inside or out, will usually cause a slow leak to occur at that spot. Chances are good that you can recall at least one camping trip when

everyone in the party had to suffer the annoyance of a leaking tent because some inexperienced member experimentally ran a finger along the tent canvas or swatted an insect on the tent wall during a hard rain!

Tent leaks frequently occur where ends of supporting poles fit provided openings. You should make provision for waterproofing these pole-contact points.

Cut 6-inch diameter discs from an old rubber innertube, then punch a small hole in the center of each disc, a bit smaller than the metal points of the tent poles. When erecting the tent, put one of the rubber discs over each metal tent-pole point and slide each disc down close to the tent fabric so that it covers the spike hole and flares generously from it. In an emergency, an aluminum-foil dish or paper cup will do the sealing-off job.

To keep miscellaneous equipment and the camp's supply of firewood dry, group items together and cover with a large piece of plastic or a tarpaulin. Be sure the corners are well tied or weighted down or both.

Often forgotten during the camp rush to protect all gear from a sudden downpour is the roll of toilet paper at the improvised latrine down the trail. To protect this camp item, cut the top out of a fruit can, punch a small hole in the bottom and thread the can and the roll of paper on a wire, so that the inverted can covers the tissue protectively when the two hang in idle suspension.

Starting a fire in wet weather may take a little know-how.

To find dry firewood in wet weather, look for dead trees that have blown over against supporting trees; cut fuel from their undersides. For kindling, take your axe or knife and cut out center sections; these will be the driest wood area and, if of heart pinewood, will probably catch readily. Split the driest obtainable wood into pieces no larger than one-inch thick. Take your knife or axe and "feather" several of these pieces for easy lighting.

An empty shotgun shell makes

good fuel for getting a fire started in a rain. The paper case of a freshly discarded empty shotgun shell contains wax and will usually catch fire readily. Slit the dry cardboard tube several times before lighting.

It is assumed that you habitually carry matches in a waterproof match box. Two different size shotgun shell cases make a good waterproof match box. Select two that make a tight fit when pushed together.

As an added precaution against possible dampness, dip heads of matches—which should be of the kitchen type—in melted wax. Store a birthday cake candle with them as a helpful fire-starter.

Most experienced woodsmen not only carry waterproofed matches on their person and scattered among equipment, but also use prepared tinder and chemical aids. Dry or oil-soaked tinder is carried in sealed plastic bags, ready to use. Chemical aids include solidified alcohol cubes, carried in an evaporation-proof container; a sealed can of lighter fluid; paraffin-dipped cotton cord, or a short length of candle wrapped with kitchen type matches in wax paper.

Quite naturally, being able to forecast the weather fairly accurately is a great factor in whether one stays dry or gets drenched. To thinking observers, Nature gives numerous signs . . . When the sun sets like a ball of fire or is temporarily hidden in a deep red sky, fair weather can be expected on the morrow. If the sun sets in a sky that is gray or yellow, rain may be on the way. High rising campfire smoke foretells fair weather; smoke that travels a long way close to the ground or water indicates a lowering of air pressure that often heralds coming rain. Experienced hunters know that waterfowl tend to fly higher in good weather than bad, and that dew on grass at night or early morning is a promise of fair weather . . . These are only a few of Nature's many expressions of weather mood.

Forewarned and prepared, you can stay dry even if others get drenched. ●

FLORIDA CLUB NEWS

(Continued from Page 7)

could be condemned for the purpose of constructing water access roads and facilities but that phase of the measure was deleted in the final bill.

Boat Registration — This bill divides boats into four classifications with these regulations:

1. Boats using motors of more than ten horsepower and used for salt water fishing will continue to be licensed under the Department of Conservation.

2. All boats used for rental purposes on fresh waters of the state will be licensed under the Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission.

3. Pleasure boats of more than ten horsepower must be registered and numbered if used on navigable waters. (An exact interpretation of "navigable waters" has not been made.)

4. Privately owned boats not using navigable waters and powered by 10-horse or smaller motors are ex-

empted from numbering requirements.

In all instances, licenses are to be purchased at the offices of county tax collectors. Numeration was scheduled to begin July 15 and a "staggered" system of numbering may be used to even the load for officials.

Water Traffic Safety — Although the water traffic law that finally passed was considerably "watered down" from the original proposal of the boating committee, some features of it met with hearty approval from the group. One of the best features is that the safety laws will be definitely statewide and local laws on water traffic safety are explicitly prohibited.

A feature that was a disappointment to committeemen was the provision for enforcement. Peace officers, mainly sheriffs and especially allocated municipal police together with Conservation Department officers will carry the burden. It was pointed out that few "dry land" officers have enforcement facilities and that the Department of Conser-

vation must cover about 150 miles of coastline per agent.

Awards Program

The Florida Sportsmen's Clubs Conservation Awards Program will be conducted without change this year, according to Dr. H. R. Wilber, chairman.

The program, which is sponsored by the Sears Roebuck Foundation, provides for a series of awards consisting of medals, certificates and cash. Winners for the year 1959 will be announced at an annual awards banquet to be held in Tallahassee in February of 1960.

The governor's state awards will be for the outstanding conservationist of the year in any field, and awards in outdoor writing, forestry, soil conservation, game and fresh water fish conservation, salt water conservation, club public relations, adult guidance of junior conservation effort and junior conservation.

There is also a list of regional and club awards. Winners will be chosen by a governor's awards committee. ●

FISHING

(Continued from Page 9)

only the plug. He has never lost the thrill of discovery or the feeling of accomplishment his efforts had produced.

Fly Fishing Extra

I am convinced that one of the chief reasons for fly fishing's undying popularity is the almost universal tendency among fly fishermen to make their own lures. This extra bonus in angling enjoyment is just enough to keep them loyal to the long rod and all it represents. I am acquainted with many famous fly fishermen, and to the last man, they are all avid lure makers. To separate these dedicated anglers from the fun of designing and tying their own lures would be like forcing them to use worms (perish the thought!).

As a matter of fact, the wealth of literature about fly fishing is top-heavy on one subject pertaining to

the sport — you guessed it — flies and fly tying. Book after book has been written and will be written on this fascinating subject. Oh, sure, you'll find a few books about casting and other subjects, but these raise no enthusiasm among the clan. But flies — Oh, brother! There are fly secrets more jealously guarded than details of our latest moon rocket.



"Just tapering off, Boss.—I want to be in good shape for my vacation."

If, in your innocence, you think a fly is a simple thing, I can only assure you you are mistaken. Among fly fishermen, the feeling is that a fly is probably the most complicated of all creations. In fact, the subject of flies is more an art than a science. A dyed-in-the-wool (no pun) fly tyer approaches his subject with radar quivering. He feels, he senses, he communes. Take away his rod and reels, dam up his favorite stream, punch holes in his waders, and learn how tolerant a true sportsman can be — but touch not a single fly unless you want to feel the full weight of his righteous wrath.

Easy Now

In the old days, we had to start from scratch. We even had to make the tools we used, and if we could have found needed material for sale, it's doubtful if we'd have had the money to buy it, but now things are different. Herter's of Waseca, Min-

(Continued on next page)

(Continued from preceding Page)

nesota, is the world's largest supplier of materials for making your home-made lures. Twenty-five cents will get you their catalog. I spend many a happy hour just reading this catalog and enjoying the original Herter descriptions of the merchandise.

You can now send away for a cast aluminum mold that will make half a dozen jig heads at a time, but I doubt if it's as much fun as working with the old wooden molds I used to make. Now, for a few cents, you can buy gamecock hackles strung and dyed any color of the rainbow, but I'll bet they're not half as satisfying as the feather I used to get the hard way, chasing chickens in my neighbor's poultry yard. I don't advise doing things the hard

way, but I do recommend a bit of lure making for extra angling enjoyment.

A Lucky Piece

My old buddies, Stu Pritchard of Chicago and Cec Wallace of South Bend, took a fabulous fishing trip to South America a few years back and made a movie called "Fabulous Fishing." This was a real dreamy deal. They caught broadbill and marlin in salt water, golden dorado in the mountain streams, and huge rainbow trout high in the Andes in lakes nestled close to the clouds.

All these fish took their toll of tackle until finally they were scraping the bottom of their tackle boxes. At last, all they had left was a South Bend lucky piece Stu was carrying

in his pocket. This was a gold-plated coin about as big as a silver dollar. Years ago, the South Bend Tackle Company gave these lucky pieces away at sport shows, conventions, etc.

Stu punched two holes in his lucky piece on opposite sides of the rim. He put a treble hook on a split ring in one hole and tied his casting line to the other. Casting this homemade lure into the cold waters of the lake, he caught many trout and one huge rainbow that bettered 10 pounds.

Does Stu brag about the deep-sea monsters they caught, the rare and exciting dorado, the breath-taking scenery? — not so you'd notice it — all he talks about is catching that trout on his converted lucky piece. Catch on? ●

OUTDOOR WRITING

(Continued from Page 5)

we alone have written. We're our own back-patters you see?

Subscribe to a professional writer's magazine, as suggested. If you want your work criticized and re-worked you'll find plenty of people advertising their services—for a fee, of course. Beware the sucker bait, Meusie, it ain't worth it. If your stuff is any good, and it fits that particular publication's needs the editor will accept it. If it is still good, but not acceptable in present form, he'll write and tell you what he wants in the way of changes or revisions. If, for any reason, he can't use it, back it comes—rejected. Editors don't have time to criticize your work unless they think it has merit and they want to buy it. Because one editor rejects you don't feel hurt, or think your stuff is lousy. Send it around. Other publications may need it. I've had stories click the first time—others made the rounds up to fifteen times. I've got other manuscripts in the file cabinet which have used up their commutation ticket—but one day I'll get up enough ambition to rework them and start them on the second go-around.

Now about editors, Meusie. They're not the red-nosed, hung-over ogres most writers make them out to be. If anything is wrong with editors, it's us writers that make them so. Despite the thousands of manuscripts that annually cross their desk, good material is hard to come by. Editors are always looking for fresh talent with new ideas; by the same token, they're always pleading, begging, cajoling or threatening established writers to send in something. Do we do it? Not if we can think of something else to do. We're too busy having fun—outdoors, of course. Should we worry if Mr. Editor is in desperate need of a good story now? 'Course not. Let George do it.

The way to keep an outdoor editor happy is to send him plenty of

good outdoor manuscripts. Bill Hansen, editor of this magazine, is typical of a good outdoor editor. He's a clean-living, honest, face-scrubbed, washed - behind - the - ears American boy who doesn't beat his wife, yet reads all manuscripts sent his way. Even this.

Beats me how he puts up with us writers. I'll never know—or understand.

He publishes my stuff, now and then. But then you gotta figure I cotton to him once in a while, just to keep on the good side of him. Like the time at St. Petersburg Beach I treated him to a couple platters of cherry-stone clams on the half-shell. A couple of his clams were bad. Bill took sick, darned near killed him, he said. At any rate he missed the whole three-day meeting of the Florida Outdoor Writers Association.

Did he get sore at me? Of course he did. As his pretty wife, Penny, was piling him into their car to get him home and away from a whole collection of outdoor writers he groaned and said, "You, Mussler, and all outdoor writers in general, you're a bunch of #\$\$%&*&&%'s, if you can't kill me with no stories, or just plain lousy stories, you try to poison me with bad clams."

So, Meusie, still want to get into the outdoor writing business? ●



"You're still shooting low."

FLORIDA WILDLIFE FIELD TESTS AND TELLS



To many Florida deer hunters, the Marlin Texan Model 336 lever-action carbine is an ideal big-game rifle — whether one shoots from right or left shoulder.

For shooters heretofore unable to afford the Marlin 336, the Sears, Roebuck catalog-listed J. C. Higgins Model 45 lever-action big-game rifle should prove a happy compromise. Actually it is the Marlin Texan Model 336 (as is readily noticeable when the two rifles are compared), but stamped with Sears' familiar trademark. Whether purchased with or without scope sight, the savings dollar-wise are considerable.

Features include choice of .30-30 or .35 caliber chamber, fast lever-action mechanism, 20-inch long round barrel, 6-shot capacity full length magazine loading tube, man size walnut stock and fore-end, a hard rubber butt plate, an offset hammer spur for easy cocking for deliberately made single shots, an easy to swing overall length of only 38½ inches and a total gun weight of about 6-3/4 pounds (depending on density of the wood). Besides the 6-shot magazine capacity, an extra cartridge can be chambered into firing position to give a total of seven shots firepower without reloading. Marlin's micro-groove rifling gives accuracy as sure as your aim.

The rifle is excellent for shots at deer, bear and wild hogs running through thick brush — especially so in brush-bucking .35 caliber. With practice, the Model 45 can be shoulder-fired quite rapidly without disturbing one's aim; working of the mechanism is smooth and fast once the inertia of the strong hammer-cocking spring is overcome. FWFT&T shot the Model 45 at many fast moving targets with good accuracy and comfort, and without having to fight the inert resistance of the closed lever and its locking parts . . . (In a lever-action repeating rifle, any existing stubborn action must be overcome to accomplish reloading. When this condition is pronounced, accuracy and speed suffer. Many lever-action rifles now being used could be greatly improved in field performance by a little careful polishing of certain working and lever-locking parts) . . .

For slow-fire, single shots, the offset hammer spur of the Model 45 is a definite aid to easy and positive cocking, and also gives a sure thumb-hold when the gun's user lowers the hammer to safety-lock position. Left-hand shooters need only loosen the Allen setscrew holding the hammer spur on the rifle's hammer, then reverse the

spur's position, for more convenient thumbing.

The J. C. Higgins Model 45 lever-action big-game rifle can be had with choice of open sights or a 2½X or 4X scope. The action comes with four holes drilled and tapped for easy scope sight mounting and also has two holes on left side of receiver for popular peep sights like the Williams FP 36, the Lyman 66LA and Redfield 70 receiver-mounting sights. Dummy screws fill these holes.

Sears' furnished scopes are obviously made by Bill Weaver, the famous Texas scope-maker. FWFT&T recommends the 2½X, and wishes that Sears' would stock the scope with optional choice of post combination reticule instead of the lone choice of standard crosshairs. A bold post reticule is much easier for the aiming eye to pick up and align on running shots in brush.

The Model 45, with open sights, sells for \$99.50; with 4-power scope sight, the price rises. With 2½X scope, the catalog price is \$99.50; with 4-power scope sight, the price tag is \$105.50.

from date of purchase. FWFT&T considers this a most liberal guarantee.

Features include an 80mm sharp-focusing f.3.5 coated taking lens, and a shutter that gives choice of exposure speeds of from one second to 1/500th of a second, besides "Bulb" and "Time" settings and "M-X synchronization" for flash. A delayed-action timer permits the camera's user to set controls and then step into a group or make his own portrait. Focusing can be done from 3½ feet to infinity on a brilliant, full-negative-size 2¼x2¼" ground glass viewfinder. A pop-up metal hood shields the ground glass from stray light and permits clear viewing of the subject being photographed. Cross lines etched on the ground glass make centering of the subject easy. For critical focusing, a magnifying glass can be quickly snapped into position. For fast-action photos, a special sportsfinder can be positioned and used instead.

The Tower No. 3AR605 camera takes 12 pictures on size 120 color or black-and-white roll film. Modern processing gives oversize, 3½-inch square prints.

Double exposure is prevented by an automatic lock that keeps the shutter mechanism operatively inactive until the fresh section of unexposed film has been advanced by turning the manually-operated winding knob; a small window on the side of the camera counts each picture as the roll film is advanced.

The light-sensitive, built-in exposure meter helps take the guesswork out of proper exposure. To use it, one sets a marker to the ASA rating of the film emulsion being used; aims the meter, and then turns the exposure guide dial to a position coinciding with the position of the light-registering needle. The required exposure at different shutter speeds will then be indicated, permitting the photographer to set his camera controls to the exposure setting of technical need or personal choice.

A scale that gives depth of field, or field of sharp focus with various lens openings at different focusing distances, is another automatic feature.

The camera's all-metal body is covered with black leatherette material of pebbled grain texture.

Series V filters fit the Tower No. 3AR605 camera. A type B-C flash unit, complete with battery and utilizing M2 and No. 5 flashbulbs, can be had for \$5.75. A leather carrying case for the camera itself costs \$4.50 . . . Camera flash unit and case can be ordered as a complete outfit for \$45.00 or purchased separately . . .

Order through your local Sears, Roebuck retail store or direct from the Atlanta mail-order store.



Since FWFT&T's report on the Yashica-Mat reflex camera, a number of readers have inquired if a much similar twin lens reflex camera is available at a price well below the \$79.50 list price of the Yashica-Mat. After much search, FWFT&T feels that it has found such a camera.

It is Sears, Roebuck's Tower-brand, catalog number 3AR065, all-metal body, f.3.5 coated lens reflex camera with built-in exposure meter, priced at \$39.00. The camera is foreign-made to Sears' contract standards, and is guaranteed and repairable by the Atlanta or Chicago main stores of Sears, Roebuck. A guarantee slip packed with the Tower Reflex Model camera protects the purchaser against any possible defects in workmanship and/or material for a year

MUZZLE FLASHES

(Continued from Page 11)

crosshair, for Florida hunting. Why these two styles ahead of all other possible consideration?

The answer: Positive visibility against brush backgrounds so common to Florida hunting, plus better reticule definition for accurate aiming in the dim light of early morning and late evening . . .

Fine crosshairs and dot reticules are excellent for open country hunting and in bright light, but when their users attempt to quickly align

them on game running amid thick brush, these reticules may be slow to be picked up and defined by the aiming eye. The post style reticule permits a faster aim simply because it is instantly and boldly seen against running game and brush background.

Even so, sales statistics show that 68% of shooters using 2½ power scope sights, and 72% of those using 4X scopes, purchase instruments incorporating the conventional crosshair style of aiming reticule. Indicated use is way ahead of both the post and dot style reticules. In itself, this

means little; purchasers of the conventional crosshair reticule for scope sights intended to be used against brush backgrounds and in poor light, in most instances simply do not know what they are missing — technically and figuratively speaking. Granted that the post style of aiming reticule cannot be aligned as precisely as conventional crosshairs — as is needed in target shooting and long range, open country hunting — still, the bold, black post reticule is much faster to aim on game moving in typical Florida brush. On that point, this Editor sticks to his guns! ●

DILLO DAZE

(Continued from Page 15)

County Agent and fire came into the animal's burrow. Or you can hunt them at night with a flashlight, and kill them with a club.

You can *Not* use a flashlight to find the animal, and then kill it with a gun, since the use of a gun *and* a light at night in the woods is illegal under the Wildlife Code of the State of Florida.

Poisoned bait may also be used, but this is extremely dangerous to more than armadillos, and must be restricted to conditions which justify the use of such poisons.

The Florida Game and Fresh Water Fish Commission has specified in the Wildlife Code that the armadillo is an unprotected mammal. Therefore, they may be captured, or killed, at any time, providing legal traps or methods are used.

The best way to catch an armadillo is to run them down—as many Floridians can breathlessly testify. Although the armadillo scurries like crazy when alarmed, a healthy human can out-run one on level ground. When you get near enough, grab the armadillo by his "tail-handle" and lift him clear off the ground.

The only trick is to get near enough to the armadillo to get a tail-holt before he finds a hole or a bush. Once he gets his head and forelegs in a hole, it'll take more than you to

drag him out, or out-dig him, for that matter.

Since the armadillo's teeth have pretty much degenerated into bony plates in the mouth, you needn't fear his bite. But you should be careful of his claws—designed for digging holes and uprooting things. The claws are the only near-dangerous parts of the 'dillo.

Armadillos are hard to keep in captivity, primarily because they are nocturnal—or night-living—animals. They will, however, eat hamburger diluted with canned milk, whole raw eggs, and tropical fruits such as mangos, avocados and bananas. But they are unhappy in strong daylight, and will huddle up in a remote corner of the cage and shiver and shake all over—as if chilled. For this reason, they are seldom shown in commercial animal exhibits.

All the technical books say that



"Remember the day we sailed way out and discovered that you'd forgotten the lunch?"

armadillos, when alarmed, curl up in a round ball. But, personally speaking, we have never seen one do that in Florida. Reports of the ball-curling tendencies of the Florida armadillo would be interesting items for the research files.

Out in Texas, during the Big Depression, the armadillo was called "the poor man's hog." When properly cooked, the light colored flesh is somewhat similar to pork.

The armadillo is also valued in the "souvenir and handbag" trade. For this purpose, the entire skin of the 'dillo is taken, tanned, and curled so that the tail arches over to meet the fore-end to form a natural handle, thus making a lady's handbag.

One last item: If you do catch your armadillo, place the palm of your hand flat on the top of his back and push down. The 'dillo will promptly react by bucking like a little bronco—his normal defense, apparently, against attack from above.

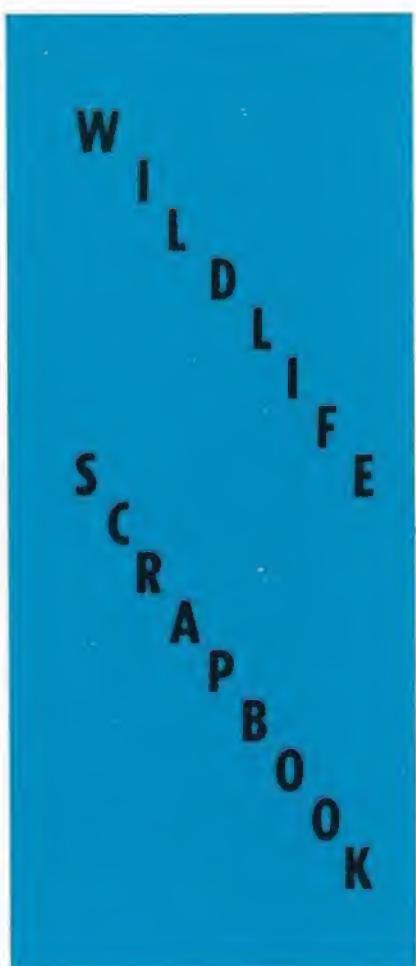
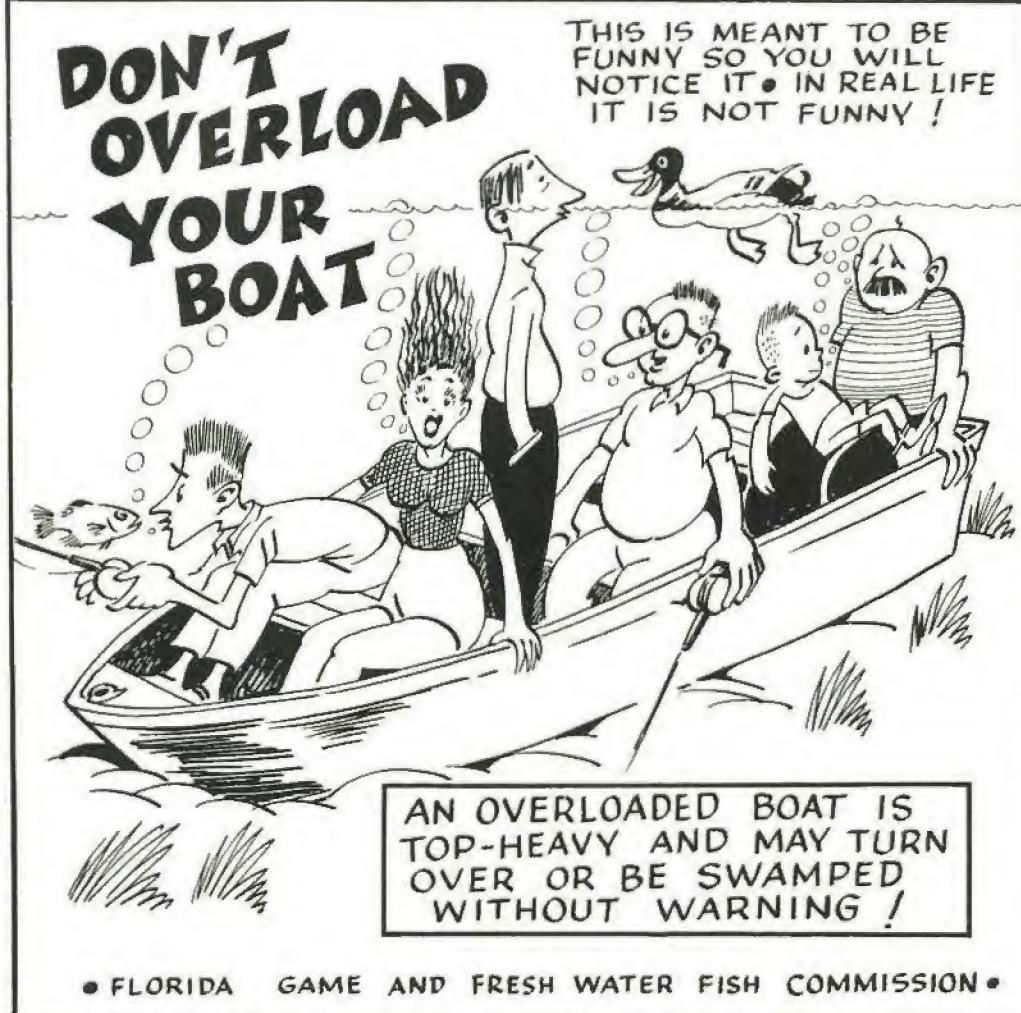
In fact, the game is—if you can push the armadillo down to the floor and keep him there, you win.

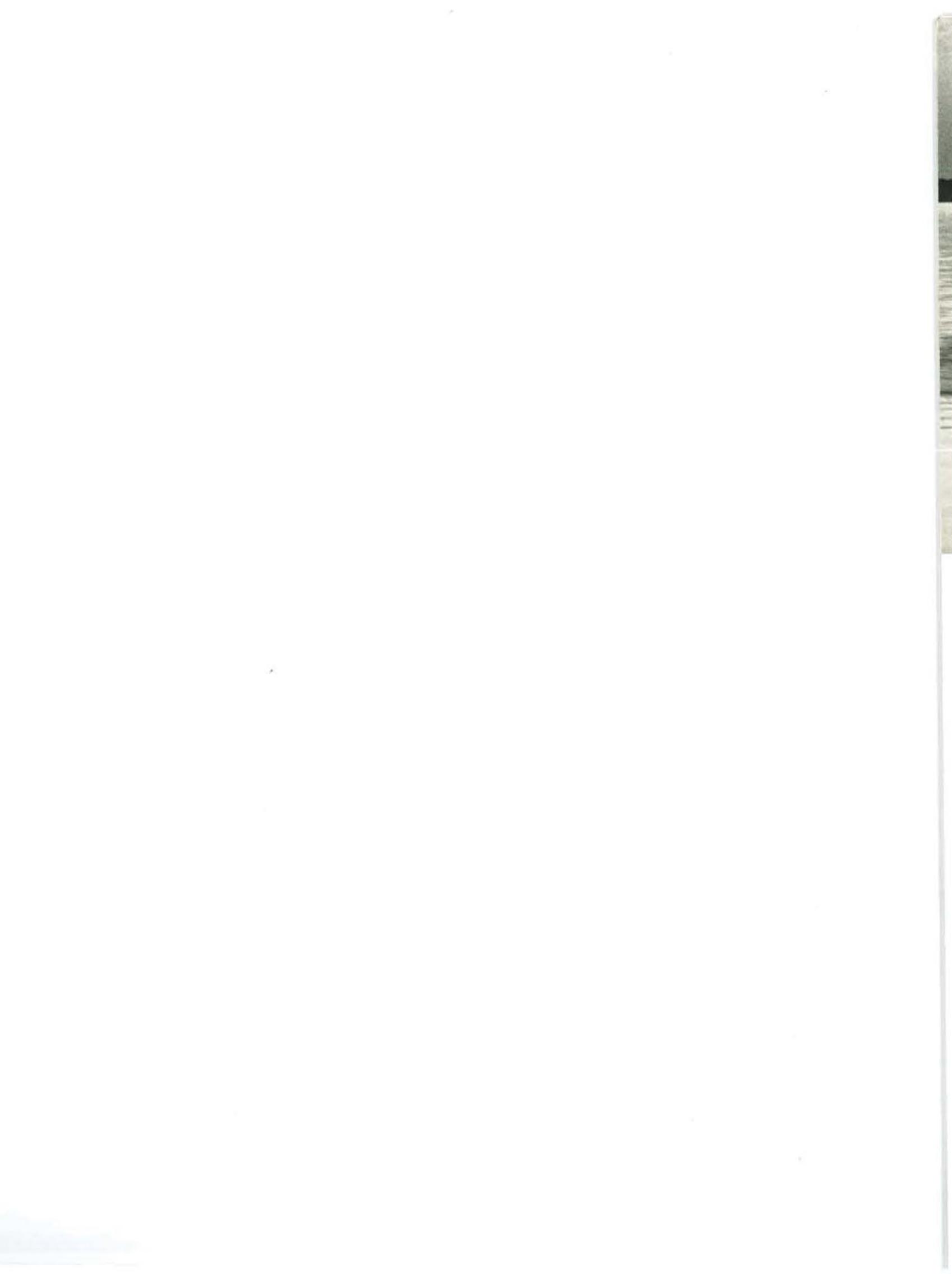
What you win is a sore wrist.

The armadillo is, indeed, a hole-digging invader from the Southwest, and does about as much good as he does harm.

He'll probably be around Florida for a long time into the future. In fact, we wouldn't be at all surprised if the armadillos lasted longer than the people. ●

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